THE SURVEY

FALL BOOK NUMBER

REVOLUTION on QUALITY STREET
by LEON WHIPPLE

BOOZE PATTER *by* Elizabeth Elliott
Rabbi Wise *on* Lincoln Steffens *on* Moses
After Dullness—*What?* *by* Thirty-year-olders
NEW YORK: Puppetville *by* Francis Hackett

PARENTS in a CHANGING WORLD *by*
MIRIAM VAN WATERS

30 cents a copy NOVEMBER 1, 1926 $5 a year

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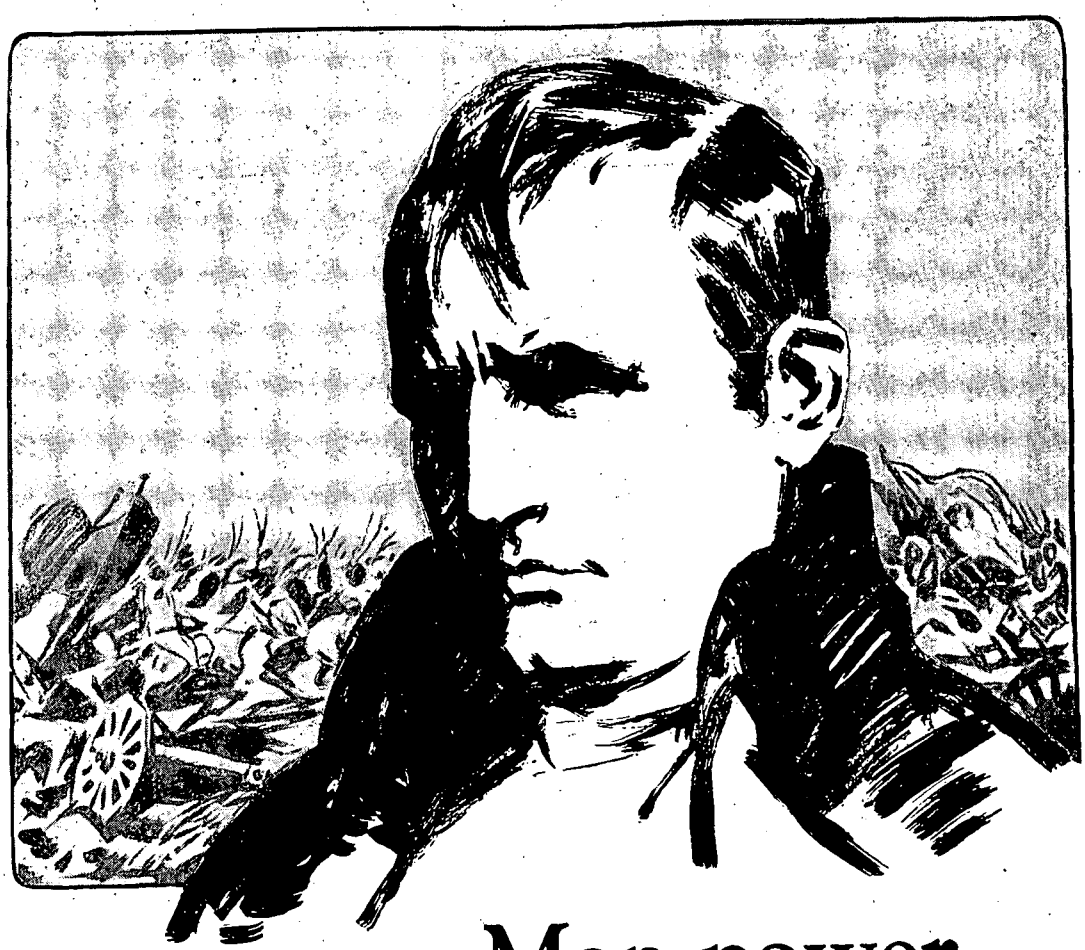

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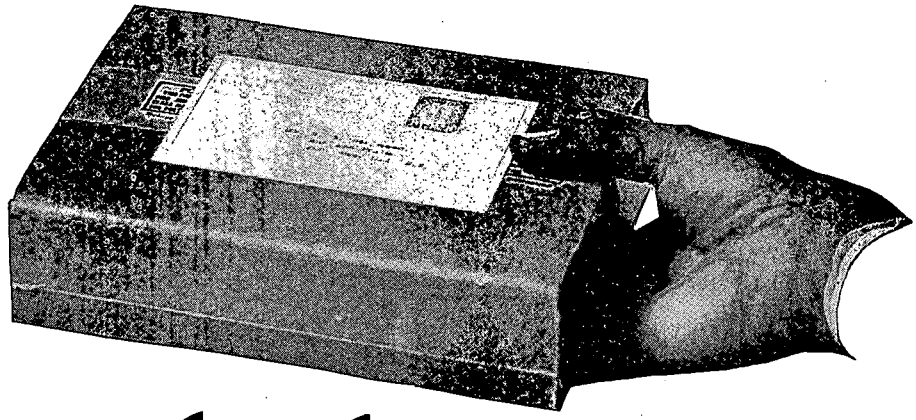

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There are hundreds of thousands of intelligent people in this country who are really anxious to keep abreast of outstanding new books, as they appear. But the average person *fails to read* most of these important books. He misses them because he is either *too busy* or *too neglectful* to go out and buy them. How often has this happened to you? "I certainly want to read *that* book!" you say to yourself, when you see a review or hear a book praised highly, by someone whose taste you respect. But, in most cases, you never "get around to it."

It is to meet this situation, chiefly, that the Book-of-the-Month Club was organized. It takes cognizance of the procrastination that forever causes you to miss the best books; *each month, without effort on your part, you will receive the outstanding new book published that month—just as you receive a magazine—by mail!*

How is the "outstanding" book each month chosen? How may you be sure it is a book that you would care to purchase anyway? In order to obtain a completely unbiassed selection, the Book-of-the-Month Club has asked a group of well-known critics, whose judgment as to books and whose catholicity of taste have long been known to the public, to act as a Selecting Committee. They are: Henry Seidel Canby, Chairman; Heywood Broun, Dorothy Canfield, Christopher Morley and William Allen White.

These individuals have no business connection with the Book-of-the-Month Club. They were simply requested to function as judges, for the benefit of our subscribers, and they agreed to do so. Each month, the new books, *of all publishers*, are presented to them. From these, by a system of voting, they choose what they consider to be the most outstanding and readable book each month, *and that book is forthwith sent to every subscriber of the Book-of-the-Month Club.*

Tastes differ, however. You may concede that a book selected by such a committee is *likely* to be one that you would not care to miss reading. But you may disagree with their choice in any one month. If so, *you may exchange the book you receive for any one of a number of other books which the Committee simultaneously recommends.* Thus, your choice among current books is no more limited than if you browsed in a bookstore. The only result is—that you actually *do* obtain and *do* read the books you want to read. This you won't do, in most cases, if you rely upon your present haphazard methods of book-buying.

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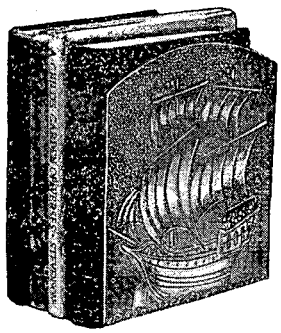
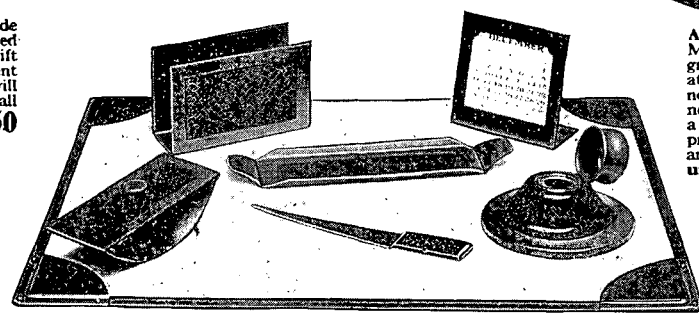
Gifts that Fire the Imagination



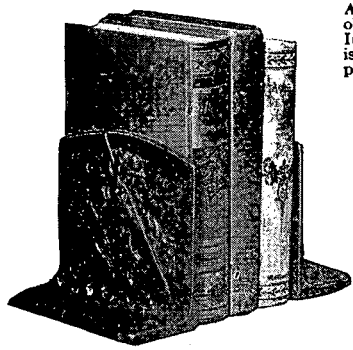
A-518—Ship book-ends. Made from flat sheet-brass. Embellished with an old galleon. An ideal gift for a boy,—and a charming present for a girl. And grown-up folks will crave for them. They are 7¼" tall and 6" wide. Price, the pair..... **$2.50**

A-526—Brass ship ink-well. An English reproduction. The base is a sea of wild waves, wherein has been built an inkwell,—a resting place for pens and pencils,—and a groove for little trinkets. An extraordinary design in an inkwell, and a work of art for a desk. It is 5½" tall and 3¼" wide. **Special...$3.60**

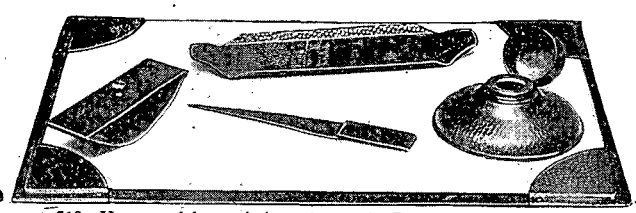
A-527—Italian ship book-ends. Made of composition in an old grainwood finish. Realistic and attractive. Something entirely new. Felt bottoms. Just the needed decorative touch for a den. They hold a fine surprise in store for you. They are 6¼" tall. **Featured**, the pair..... **$2.00**



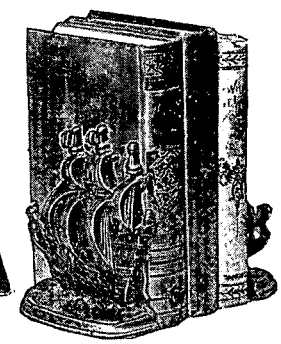
A-811—A writing-set that will enrich your thoughts. Made of brass, in an old gold and crackled finish. You will be proud of it, for it is splendid-looking. It has all the niceties that a woman loves, and a man needs. The desk-blotter is 20¾" long and 16" wide, and all the accessories are in tasteful proportion. **Complete**, as illustrated..... **$9.80**



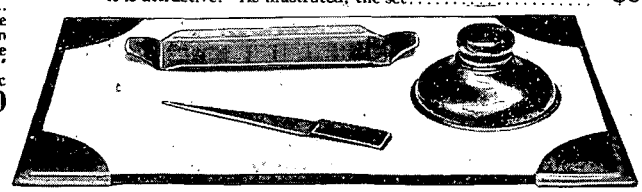
A-550—The End of the Trail. Metal book-ends in an antique gold finish. Felt bottoms. An excellent reproduction of the original model. They are 5" tall and 5½" wide. An artistic subject for a library. Easily worth, the pair **$2.50**



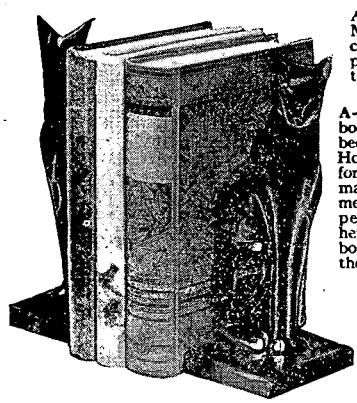
A-519—Hammered brass desk-set in an old English finish. Consists of desk-blotter, 18¾"x12" with 4 brass corners, a good-sized Victorian ink-pot, a pen and pencil holder, a letter-opener, and a blotter-pad. It will lend dignity and delight to the writing corner. Inexpensive as it is attractive. As illustrated, the set..... **$5.00**



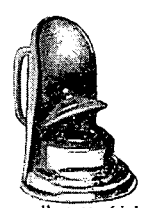
A-548—An old Galleon. An appropriate subject for book-ends. Made of metal, and in an old gold finish. It is 5" tall and 5" wide. Felt bottoms. When one thinks of the durability of these things, their intrinsic beauty and useful service,—their cost, by comparison, seem infinitesimal. This pair sells for..... **$2.50**



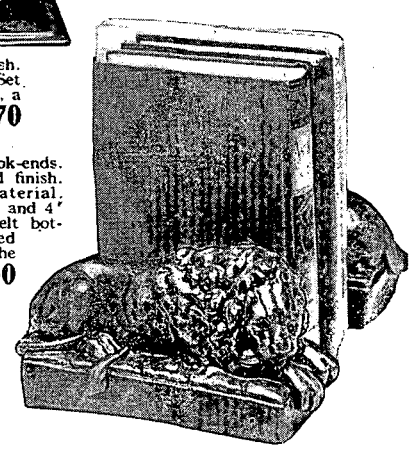
A-508—A desk-set for young folks. In a brushed-brass finish. Modest in looks—but a good beginning for a writing career. Set consists of desk-blotter 18¾" x 12", a baseless brass ink-pot, a pen and pencil tray, and a letter-opener. **Featured**, the set..... **$2.70**



A-513—Black Cat book-ends. They have been selected by Good Housekeeping for their forthcoming Christmas page. Made of metal, they are grace personified. Their height is 7½". Felt bottoms. **Featured**, the pair.. **$5.85**



A-504—Lion book-ends. In a Roman-gold finish. Composition material. They are 7" long and 4" tall, and have felt bottoms. A modeled piece of work. The pair sells for..... **$2.50**



A-528—There are all sorts of inkwells, but did you ever see one like this? Converted from an old colonial night-lamp. Made of brass. It is 4¼" tall. How dull life would be without pretty things to fire our imagination. **Featured** at..... **$1.30**

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Woman's Place—Where Isn't It?

"EVER since Eve left Paradise, the trend of thought has been in the direction of woman's sphere," said Elizabeth Cady Stanton on her eightieth birthday, in 1895. "Those who could write in prose or verse have written about it; those who could orate have talked about it; statesmen have declared its limits in laws and constitutions; bishops in scriptures and sermons; editors in journals, and scientists in osseous formations, muscles, nerves, and the size and quality of the feminine brain. They have all sung in chorus the same old song, and will continue, like Poe's raven, to sing it 'evermore,' unless someone shall arise to solve this tangled problem."

That someone has arisen. Not perhaps as Mrs. Stanton expected, in the person of a great evangelist preaching women's rights. But as a mass meeting, rising to meet women's responsibilities.

The last census shows that one married woman in every ten is a "breadwinner."

MOST married women who work do it because they have to. Their husbands' wages are not enough to support a family in these days, divorced from farm and village life where a woman's home-keeping produced something like half of what the family consumed.

Many do it both for the advantage of two cash incomes and for the companionship of the job outside the home.

Some do it for the principle involved and because of their love of the work itself. These favored ones long ago gave up arguing about woman's place; they have refused to choose between a home and a job; they demand both a home with children and interesting work outside that home.

All three kinds of working wives will have their say in the November Graphic in an enlarged special number on Woman's Place. Among the contributors are:

MARY ROSS, editor of two of The Survey's departments and mother of two children at home, book reviewer at large in New York and lady farmer in Connecticut.

BEATRICE HINKLE, M.D., the first woman physician to hold a public health position, the founder of the first psycho-therapeutic clinic to be opened in this country, author, psychoanalyst, and also parent.

CHASE GOING WOODHOUSE of the federal Bureau of Home Economics, and chairman of the committee on economic and social problems of the home of the American Home Economics Association, and a practising parent.

HELEN GLENN TYSON, who knows the working mother through her study and administrative work in the fields of mothers' pensions and day nurseries, and also her private experience.

BEULAH AMIDON, who has written and edited and observed parents and practised parenthood on three coasts of the United States and now is an associate editor of The Survey.

ELEANOR ROWLAND WEMBRIDGE, proud possessor of a job, a Ph.D., a daughter and a book on Other People's Daughters.

MARY ANDERSON, adopted American, a student of women in industry, and director of the federal Women's Bureau.

PAUL DOUGLASS, who has made the subject of the family wage practically his own in the United States, and is professor of industrial relations at the University of Chicago.

WILLIAM GREEN, the president of the American Federation of Labor, the parent of five daughters and a son, and the exponent of vigorous views on woman's place.

FRANKWOOD WILLIAMS, M.D., who writes on parent-child relationships with the fine objectivity of one who is not a parent and the special psychiatric training and background which has made him Medical Director of the National Committee for Mental Hygiene, and lecturer at Smith College, the New School for Social Research and the like.

IRA S. WILE, M.D., physician and parent, adviser to perplexed parents and perplexing offspring, and author of The Challenge of Childhood.

STUART CHASE, who has investigated the meat industry, the packers, and also the home and has to his credit two children, two books, and many published articles centering in the economic field; a member of the staff of The Labor Bureau.

ERNEST R. MOWRER who takes some of most interesting material from his volume on Family Disintegration, now in press at the University of Chicago, to cast light on new ways and old.

ERNEST W. BURGESS who writes on The Romantic Impulse from a chair of sociology at the University of Chicago.

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THE SURVEY

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FALL BOOK SECTION 155

The Gist of It

AS from one editor to another, Henry Goddard Leach of The Forum writes: "Your last Survey Graphic [October] keeps up your new tradition of freshness and originality. Your cover is irresistible. A few minutes ago I tried to buy a copy at the chief Grand Central newsstand to send to a friend in Nebraska: 'Sorry, all sold out.' Florence Kelley is affording me some useful ammunition in conversation. By the way, I wonder if you realize what a prize you have in Whipple?"

YES, Bro' Leach, we do appreciate Whipple, as witness this present November issue. His regular department, Letters and Life, is expanded to make a Fall Book Section, for which he writes the leader. Page 156. And he is the author of The Revolution on Quality Street in which the "35-centers" and their place in the intellectual scenery of our day are keenly analyzed. Page 119. At New York University, where he teaches journalism to hordes of aspiring youngsters who turn up later in the publicity offices of the movies, he is known as Mr. Whipple. In The Survey office he goes by the name of Whip. But in the Catskills, where he summers in a cabin built of white birch logs, his Dutch farmer neighbors make it a point of pride to call him Professor Whipple.

BORN in Kilkenny, for many years a resident of Hull House in Chicago and later a New Yorker, Francis Hackett has ample background for his penetrating criticism of New York as a City of Puppets. He was formerly editor of the literary review of the Chicago Evening Post and for eight years literary and dramatic critic of The New Republic. His books include The Irish Nation, The Invisible Censor and a novel, That Nice Young Couple. Page 125. In a later issue we shall have a companion piece, Christopher Morley's New York, a picture from the luminous point of view of the author of Where the Blue Begins.

ELIZABETH ELLIOTT pleads that nothing be said about her except that this is her maiden name. Her lively observations are based upon the Canadian system of regulating and licensing liquor which have been so ardently urged upon us of the U. S. Page 129.

FAMILIES whose insolvency has been worked over by the juvenile court often come off better than more advantaged households, for the judge and the referee combine many of the functions of priest, physician and bosom friend. Out of these family courts has come a fine new conception of parenthood, of the adventure of being grown-up, which Miriam Van Waters here places at the disposal of all baffled parents. She is the referee of the Los Angeles Juvenile Court, the author of Youth in Conflict which has had the large sale it deserves, and she won her Ph.D. at Clark University when Clark was the Mecca of American psychologists. Page 135.

MERTON, after all, did get into the movies and became the hero and the hope of that great majority of the public which believes it must find expression for its artistic self at Hollywood. But Merton would have fared harder today, with the Central Casting Corporation doing its best to get steadier work for the 15,000 extras already on the list rather than add to their number. The joint personnel work of the motion picture producers has toned up the whole employment situation. Marian L. Mel, who writes of it, is director of the Women's Division. Page 141.

JAMES G. McDONALD is called chairman of the Foreign Policy Association, but he is in reality the intellectual chef of the association's Saturday luncheons in New York, which reopen on November 13 with a discussion of Germany's entrance into the League of Nations. Prof. Gilbert Murray will speak for England and another, still to be chosen, for Germany. Here Mr. McDonald gives us his incisive monthly department, not the least interesting feature being his discussion of the unpopularity of Americans in Europe and of how we got that way. Page 147.

THE old fellows have made a world so dull it's scarce worth the trouble of tinkering with. That, or words to that effect, has been said over and again by eager youths. And Carl Van Doren repeated it in the October Graphic. Very well, then. Granted. But after dullness—*what?* The challenge was flung back at the youngsters and they have replied in a symposium limited to contributors in their thirties. It forms rare good reading, perhaps good prophecy, and it has been known to doddering older folk on the staff as The Children's Page of The Survey. Page 152.

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III. NEW YORK IS LOOKING UP! — Scissors picture by MARTHA BENSLEY BRUÈRE

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THE SURVEY

GRAPHIC NUMBER

NOVEMBBER 1, 1926

Volume LVII, No. 3

The Revolution on Quality Street

By LEON WHIPPLE

HAVE you heard of the revolution on Quality Street where the serious magazines live? Harper's has gone red. The Century has another new editor—from Indiana, of all places! The Atlantic prints the best "I Confess" articles in the world. The Forum is impresario for intellectual jousts that interest even the Vatican. The American Mercury's winged heels have raced from nothing to over 60,000 in two years. Finally, Scribner's is the sole survivor of the literary pictorial magazine of our youth. Of course, the redness of Harper's is in the spanking new cover, now a year old, and The Century's wild westerner proves the gentlest of souls, but the revolution is real. It is changing the intellectual scenery of our day.

The revolution is really in the mind and taste of the intelligent American reader. He dictates the new table of contents; he acquiesces when the pictures give way to more text; he is creator of "the new review." For his interest has shifted from *belles lettres* literature and art to people and ideas; and he is asking a challenge to his mind rather than a way of escape. This shift is part of the secret of our changing society.

As in all revolutions, some go up and others go down. Twenty years ago Scribner's lead "the Quality group" with 180,000 circulation in Ayer's Newspaper Annual, but for 1925 reported only 71,031. It is significant of a changed periodical ethics that the 1906 figures were only "publisher's estimates" and meant every copy printed while last year they meant bona fide sales certified by the Audit Bureau of Circulations. So all the old figures need some discounting. The Century declined from 150,000 in 1906 to 31,044 last year. In 1853 the three-year-old Harper's had 130,000; in 1906 it claimed 150,000; and through August, 1925, was averaging around 65,000. Then—"the revolution of September" and in four months the "new" Harper's was at 102,901. Meanwhile other sabots had been clattering upward on the stairs (if Boston will pardon the allusion) for The Atlantic had risen steadily from 25,000 to 119,364 last year. The Mercury, born January 1924, had 61,419 devotees by January 1926; and The Forum that had sunk into innocuous desuetude with some 2,000 on July 1, 1923, last March celebrated its fortieth anniversary with 63,320. These are index numbers for something in our intellectual life. The editors heard the thunder of the changing tides. They had to go up or go under.

The old regime meant Harper's, The Atlantic, Scribner's and The Century, and with The American Review of Reviews, and The World's Work, they took the title "Quality Group" to label a common policy for advertising. The group had common solicitors and sold space at joint rates. They affirmed and people agreed that there was something unique and distinguished about them. They were dubbed "the thirty-five centers" and their price then was quality, and meant an audience with some money. So the advertiser paid pretty fair rates to bring to this select audience notices of quality products—books, education, travel, art wares, and so on. If sales did not always justify him, he got prestige by association, reached the "key people," and sometimes reprinted his advertisement to prove his quality to dealers and clientèle.

The passing of the old regime

Recently the Golden Book has supplanted The Century in this

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Quality Group, but is a variant with its reprints of fiction. My concern is with the text. The World's Work and The American Review of Reviews, so far as text goes, are cousins rather than members of the family. Instead, I shall include The Forum and The American Mercury as brethren in spirit if not yet in commerce.

Now in contents these magazines of the old regime did not picture the throbbing life of changing America, but carried on the American tradition, an inheritance from the heroic figures in our letters in the last half of the nineteenth century. It was a Boston-Atlantic seaboard tradition, distinctly Nordic, I fear, with memories of Blackwood's and The Cornhill Magazine on the one hand, and on the other a rather condescending recognition of the "local color" writers of the South and West as "native" material. They printed Mark Twain but never quite approved his stinging satire. It was a sentimental, Victorian, and *laisser faire* tradition, holding polite literature, fine arts, and philosophy as the symbols of civilization. The audience was not large for then as now our quota of intelligent readers seemed fixed around 500,000, but very select and cultured, the "best people," people who had some education, some wealth—for those days—professional prestige, and a pleasantly aloof intellectual leisure. These readers did not want a magazine to be realistic, a prize-fight or a riot, or ask that life be made urgent and disquieting—our modern "kick." Mostly they *withdrew* into Harper's or The Century for assurance that the world was a happy and restful place wherein nice people were writing charming poems and essays, travelling to lovely places, or writing tales and painting pictures that would solace and restore. Theirs, in many ways, was a literature of escape, and mayhap all the gentle of soul could do about that grandiose America, mad with continent-conquering, *was* to escape. Robert Underwood Johnson, late editor of The Century, describes the old regime thus:

The Atlantic quietly hung in the skeleton closet the notion that the magazine was a sort of literary chaperone and—

> Here was no straining after effect, no simulated robustness, no cocksureness, no "punch" and "pep," no revolutionary madness. In keeping with our tradition it had grace and serenity, and honest sentiment and natural gaiety, not the sentimentality of the later morbid, pestilent, made-up, true-to-pattern writing in so many magazines that spoils one's repose by making a problem of everything and by tearing everything up by the roots to see how it is growing. I find this new magazine fatiguing by the very brilliance of its method as though the peace of the world were banished forever. It reminds me of the remark of an Italian lady, who recently said: "In America you are always for or against something."

We confess a certain sympathy with this view. These quality folks did not seem to want world affairs till the affairs were dead (the Civil War was meat and drink through the 'eighties) and then discussed as among gentlemen at the club. To be torn up in brain and heart by economics, sex, world politics, and race struggles—why it wasn't that sort of a world, and if it is, please don't mention it. When Harper's touched sex love in Trilby and Hardy's Jude the Obscure a pretty rumpus was raised; and George Kennan's articles on the iniquities of old Russia kicked up the dust though Siberia was remote enough in those days. In brief this old regime, as all old regimes, held literature and art to be decorations of a class, and was suspicious of mere common people.

The two great contributions of this period were: the American story in its modern form; and the illustrations. This story was not the French *conte,* but something of our own, half moral and half realistic, arising in the work of Poe, Irving, and Hawthorne, and developed by the magazines until it became our most characteristic fictional form. This element in the new American monthlies was not derived from the English periodicals with their serials by Dickens, Thackeray et al. and their serious review articles. Its influence is still predominant in our women's and fiction magazines, and The Golden Book, off-spring of the Review of Reviews, has in two years found several hundred thousand people who want to read or reread the best short stories of this very period, and of world literature.

The pictures were the second element in this first "revolution"—that from under the yoke of British models. The American monthlies filled themselves with fine pictures and developed a native and famous school of illustrators. Joseph Pennell said: "Illustration is a form of art in which we Americans have made a greater international reputation than in any other." Here was a complete break from the English tradition save in The Atlantic, and even that once ran a set of cuts picturing setting-up exercises *à la Delsarte.* Harper's used to bring out two editions—one illustrated for American readers, the other unillustrated for its large British circulation. The British were too conservative to like pictures with their text. These were a novelty. In the present revolution we are ourselves omitting pictures and returning to the British tradition. Pictures and the true review apparently do not go together.

So here we have the old "quality magazines"—peaceful, cultured, ably edited, with the best of the current novels, not disputatious over politics or economics, and rich with every variety of their two real gifts—the short story and the illustration for articles and for fiction.

What happened to them? The Little Red School House kept grinding away and Demos took to reading. Next, the generation of 1880 to 1910 that had been satisfied with the menu purveyed to them by Howells and Aldrich and Richard Watson Gilder and Henry M. Alden passed on. Then the world changed. These things had happened to their children: Science, Machines, Industrialism, Feminism, World War, Leisure, the new Psychology, and the Interrogation of Religion. These capital letter words almost

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define the "new table of contents." The children needed a new kind of magazine, a reflector, even a guide for the welter. For their minds were stimulated to incandescence; they got the queer notion that "culture" means ideas, discussions, and questioning. The first answer was the "muck-raking" magazines, McClure's, Everybody's, Collier's and so on, which took their readers right out of the library and dumped them in the laboratory, factory, and city hall. They proved that the hurrying world of live men can be made vividly interesting to masses of readers, and they whetted the taste for social facts. The new generation did not want to escape life, but to dive into life. Instead of trusting to the Republican Party (I fear I always think of quality magazines as Republicans), the minister, and Christmas alms, the people got an evil joy out of interrogating these institutions, and wanted to revise them. The women got out of hand, the children got out of hand, even the servants got out of hand—the revolution is being born. Here is the "new" audience avid for Life.

Next came the new economics of periodical publishing. The quality magazines were all the joint product of publishing-houses—a characteristic connection before the days of modern advertising salesmanship. They were not exactly "house organs" but they did advertise the firm's books, and were feeders for sales. The magazines did not absolutely have to make money. The profits came in prestige, in the exploitation of the firm's authors so they were kept alive in the magazines between books, and the fact they could sell their product twice—first as serials and then as books. By exchanging advertising they really provided directories of books and lived as did those fabled natives of the Azores by taking in each other's washing. But with their pages of school, financial, and luxury advertising, probably most of them made some money. If they didn't, well, the publishers were not money-changers anyhow.

Then came Munsey's and McClure's at ten cents, and the Ladies' Home Journal and other woman's magazines, and the popular fiction magazine. The muck-rakers were sold down the river, but they spawned every description of weekly and monthly to amuse the newly-literate Demos, or to open his purse to buy advertised things. This appeal to the populace ran circulations into millions—a kind of mad orgy to the old regime. Robert Bridges, editor of Scribner's, tells me the American News Company reports two hundred periodicals on the stands today as against, perhaps, a score or two twenty years ago. The popular group took a little of the quality circulation (probably by stealing the next generation who would have otherwise inherited a subscription to the old magazines) but not much, for the Quality folks didn't have a half million among 'em. But they did cut into the quality advertising revenue when they offered their millions as a market for garters and tooth-paste and automobiles and all the products of our machines. With their huge revenue from mass circulations they cut the feet from under the quality group by running up the price of everything an editor buys from paper to English novelists. They boosted the very things the quality group had given us—the short story, the illustration (and the novel) beyond the quality reach. They so raised the ante to the Wellses, Lockes, and so forth until it became impossible for a quality magazine to get a look in. The women's magazines are paying as high as $50,000 to headliners for serials. The book and magazine publisher cannot offer him that for his wares. Nor can you develop your own short story writers, say. When you have made a new man by your hard work, along comes a *nouveau riche* editor, bids him up to four times your top rate, and takes him away. One of our best story-tellers was getting $400 from a quality magazine. A woman's magazine offered raises up to $1,500—and for the same stories. He got a larger audience, more money, and made no compromise. Authors are human. So are illustrators. The popular periodical editor stole the quality artists, and then, by high irony, the advertiser stole them again—to deck out his ads. The high cost of the picture plus the high cost of reproduction explains why the quality people have given up illustrations.

—that its buff cover conspicuously displayed would protect an unattended female anywhere in the world

In part then the swing to the review idea is self-preservation. It is in a sense a reversion to the pre-American, British type. It is adapting to the American monthly which can no longer get the pick of the fiction and drawings, the formula which between Walter Page's time and now, the weekly magazines of opinion had been exploiting. And curiously enough, in just the five-year period when these weekly journals have had hard sledding to make their formula go, the quality group have rushed in like boys in an apple orchard. And from another angle they have rushed into the vacuum in the field of life and general affairs left empty by the subsidence of the old muck-raking group. And this subsidence, to complete the circle, took the shape of turning the old McClure's, American, Everybody's, into fiction magazines—the very field the quality group once held in the days of the smaller reading audience. Here are some aspects of the economic revolution. And we are ready for the new review.

The review idea had precursors, of course—The North American, and then The Forum, founded by Isaac Rice in 1886, and edited first by Lorettus Metcalfe (from the North American) and later by Walter Page. The Forum was "a public magazine for the discussion sanely and seriously of all vital questions" and was conceived of as a dynamic force directed by an editor who sought qualified experts to write on timely subjects instead of waiting for contributions from the Brahmins. It was social not literary. Its close approximation to the present quality contents is revealed by these titles in its first year's index:

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Prohibition So-Called, The Present Outlook for Christianity, College Athletic Sports, What The Roman Catholics Want, Faith and Physical Science, Are Women Fairly Paid, and Florida. Mix a little fiction and some departments with that and you have this month's quality magazine. Walter Page went on to The Atlantic, where he carried the American flag on the cover during the Spanish-American War, and where he did to a degree what he had already done on The Forum—what is now being done by them all in so far as they are dipping into world affairs and public issues. But he soon founded The World's Work, a specialized periodical of current events, and the quality group relapsed into their old concerns. Page was the Morning Star of the Revolution in that first wave of change.

But the real revolution began, strangely enough, in The Atlantic Monthly of Boston. New England (and The Atlantic) had never been afraid of ideas—what with Mr. Emerson and others. Bliss Perry, succeeding Page in 1899, wrote:

> The Atlantic happens to be particularly interested in the present world; curious about the actual conditions of politics and society, of science and commerce, of art and literature. Above all it is engrossed with the lives of the men and women who are making America what it is and what it ought to be.

I feel that Professor Perry had perhaps learned some of this from Sam McClure's methods and success. But the men and women of America were *not* engrossed in The Atlantic save a few thousand, so when Messrs. Houghton & Mifflin reorganized their business they sold the magazine to Ellery Sedgwick, from New York, and MacGregor Jenkins, long connected with it under Houghton & Mifflin. The new Atlantic Monthly Company issued its first number in August 1908—an important date in the cleavage between the esthetic-literary tradition and the new sociological-ideas culture.

The "new" Atlantic has been Sedgwick (plus Jenkins and a little Scottish girl named Fitzgerald who helped mightily on circulation). To the shrewd Scotch commonsense of Mr. Jenkins is attributed the extraordinarily successful business management of the company. But he is also one of the keenest appraisers of public taste in the country. He senses an audience as a real thing, not an ideal, hypothesis, or circulation curve. He knows what Americans of a certain level will read, and in one of his several books on the reading public portrays himself as that nebulous personage, "the man in the street" and admits that he is "the literary dog of the office on whom a new author or editorial policy is tried." He keeps the Atlantic's feet on the ground.

The rest is Sedgwick despite his words to me: "For eighteen years it has been my constant policy to regard the magazine as a definite personality. Editors are but incidents and their importance is small." My own conclusion, however, is that the editor is always the magazine. Good critics believe that The Atlantic has no policy and cannot have one. It just publishes what it thinks will give its readers pleasure or stimulation. That means what Ellery Sedgwick likes and is stimulated by (plus Jenkins). For this editor is no abstract scholar or propagandist. He is just delicately sensitive to modern life. He was not trained on a quality magazine, or in Boston, though a Harvard man. He had been editor of Leslie's Monthly, and associated with McClure's and The American under John S. Phillips. We must stress how Mr. Sedgwick brought his interest in life and current affairs from the old McClure group, where he caught the idea of dealing with live social problems and learned the technique of appealing to the people. Did he not add to Ellis Parker Butler's famous story the remarkable title, Pigs is Pigs? Through Sedgwick in a way was the germ of social concern passed on from the dying muck-rakers to the first of the new reviews. This is an important connection. Indeed, he has been a genius as a synthesizer and as a fisher of people and writings rather than an originator. But he got the answer first, made his combination and worked out his formula, perhaps affirmatively as a matter of prescience, perhaps because the pressure of dwindling circulation and prestige put it up to him sooner than to the rest, to draw from the muck-rakers, the popular magazines (vide Ladies' Home Journal), from the Boston tradition, and his own genius, a magazine for the new age. He is up-to-date in everything save red-hot and explosive controversy. There he waits until the hysteria point is passed, and discussion has prepared people for The Atlantic's taking up the cause. He dares not outdistance his audience, though he provides them with new and curious things that appeal to him. He is responsive to life.

This well-matched pair decided to change The Atlantic. They wanted it to succeed, and were not content with the traditional few thousand readers. They studied how to get more, working on the encouraging theory that "the average American man or woman was much more interested in the discussion of important questions and much more appreciative of good writing than most magazine publishers thought." One editor took a six months trip over these United States—and discovered the hinterlands. Boston undoubtedly remained the Hub of the nation, but the center of population was somewhere in Indiana. These outlanders seemed literate, certainly they possessed bank accounts, why not invite them to shelter under culture's garland? The Atlantic would capitalize its priceless tradition on a national basis. They decided to divorce Boston and annex the nation. So, I am told, a general order was issued that kept the words "Beacon Hill" out of the magazine for ten years. They quietly hung in the skeleton closet the notion that The Atlantic was a sort of spinster literary chaperone, and that its buff cover conspicuously enough displayed would protect an unattended female anywhere in the world.

Glenn Frank certainly carried the Century's flag over the country

I am afraid they hung "the typical Atlantic reader" there, too. Here the company tried an experiment that might well have

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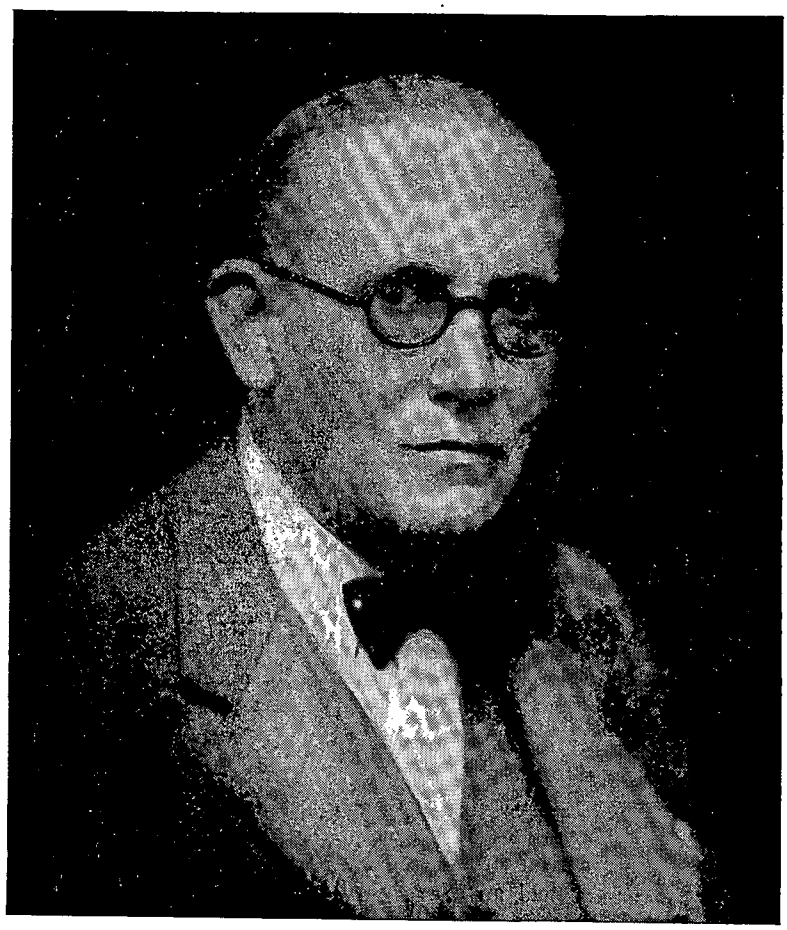
ruined them by losing both money and readers. Over a year was spent in compiling a list of men and women in widely scattered localities, the names being selected without any reference to the social, financial, or educational status of the people addressed. The only requirement was that they should be people who in their own line of activity—from bank presidents to plumbers had achieved a modicum of success. They were identifying "the new audience," you see. They stretched their tent ropes beyond the college and Brahmin crowd to take in the possible circulation in industrial life. They took it for granted that a person who was an officer or director of a business corporation was a likely prospect, and in their annual fall drag-net fished through the business directories and the like. In their list also were over fifty thousand farmers in the Northwest. Promotion matter was sent to this list; the reply was instantaneous and overwhelming. One Minnesota miller became an Atlantic addict and showered fifty subscriptions over the plains like manna. Circulation leaped; they had found what was at the time an untouched field with almost unlimited possibilities. The average man was interested in good things. Here is the Atlantic's gift to the revolution.



HEWITT H. HOWLAND, who is keeping the *fin de siècle* note from The Century. He is a Hoosier as was one of his predecessors, Robert Underwood Johnson. He was for 25 years associated with Bobbs-Merrill, publishers in Indianapolis—out where the West begins, and finally their editor-in-chief. He has been described thus—"Unique example of a man without college training or newspaper experience occupying a marked position in the literary world, earned by the possession of a genius for literary values that seems almost intuitive, combined with a culture that is fundamental." He will not edit for the Back Bay or Greenwich Village for he is rooted in the American tradition of the Mid-west. At a farewell dinner George Ade said Mr. Howland would keep all the authors, near authors and house party celebrities waiting in the outer office while he was in conference with the 100,000 writers of the Middle West "who are just giving the new editor a chance to get settled at his desk before they start East to cooperate with him." Really, Mr. Howland is too gentle, hopeful, and open-minded to keep anybody waiting—especially if the visitor has the ghost of an idea that will help re-establish The Century in its proud tradition. Mr. Howland had to have this picture taken for us—ample proof that he is old-fashioned in these lime-light days.

But, as the editor discovered, he demands that the treatment of these fine things shall be interesting. The more sophisticated type of mind accepts a certain amount of dullness for the sake of the value received. The new reader will not. Skillful promotion can sign him up, but the editor has to keep him. If a good thing does not interest him he will turn to something inferior which does. Editor Sedgwick met this difficulty by the devices of the "new table of contents." The quality reader was to be found in odd places and want divers strange things. But The Atlantic was willing to take him where he was, and serve him á là carte according to his appetite-whether or not the tradition said Monday is, by Providence, the day for a boiled New England dinner. Here of course the old time "typical Atlantic reader" may say that the magazine sold its soul. He will say that it has few fine things, and that its literary quality is sadly cheapened. It caught its 125,000 readers, but by its own showing it had to change. He affirms that the spirit of The Atlantic went West from Boston to New Haven and now resides in The Yale Review. I agree that the new is not the old Atlantic, but that *is* the revolution.

How did Sedgwick get "interest" into fine things? By editing for himself, and since he is a cultivated gentleman with a vast acquaintance and world-wide correspondence, his editing pleased. He has no formula, and doesn't get his manuscripts over the counter. He snatches them out of thin air, and then hatches them. He is a wizard at getting documentary material. Some interesting person trembles this imperial web of contacts, he writes letters, and then he draws his net, and finally he prints the life distillation of some one who has lived and thought until he (or she) has something to say. Unkind persons say Sedgwick can scent

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out a spinster school-teacher with a burden of woe farther than any editor in the world. Be that as it may, he gives us more new and non-professional writers per annum than do his rivals, unless it be Mencken. Nor is he a devotee of "the big name" created by best-selling popularity, momentary news eminence, or even adventitious rank. He has big names, of course, Dean Inge's, say, but who would accuse the Gloomy Dean of popularity? One by-product is economy, for the new writers do not demand excessive rates, and take part pay in the glory of "being in The Atlantic."

THE World War came about the time The Atlantic was getting its new policy into full swing, and Sedgwick seized the opportunity brilliantly. He got a fascinating lot of documentary and personal articles out of Europe. He went in for the politics of the War, and out of this has grown a permanent monthly department: The New World, covering international economics, politics and sociology. He did the very brave thing of trying to present the German point of view to America before our entrance into the war, and opened his columns to men like Munsterberg and Kuno Franck. But once we were in, and even before, he closed up tight on anything but pro-War and pro-victory contributions. I think an examination of The Atlantic during the first twelve months of our participation would show a pretty complete vacuum of any discussion, not only of liberties in war time, but of the terms of peace we should have been discussing based on democratic and anti-imperialistic ideals. He fell into the trap that snapped to at Versailles.

This interest in the immediate and practical continues. Not long ago Professor William Z. Ripley had an article in the Atlantic, called From Main Street to Wall Street, pointing out the dangers of selling stock that has no vote in corporate management. Within the week the newspapers were in full cry; inside a month the governors of the New York Stock Exchange had taken actual steps to remedy the situation; and President Coolidge had summoned Professor Ripley to the White House. There's the revolution in nub—a college professor changing Wall Street by an essay in The Atlantic! A far cry from Transcendentalism!

But The Atlantic still has an inheritance from New England transcendentalism—and so the edge on Mr. Mencken who will never, never grasp the phenomenon back of his well-hated Puritanism. It is not ashamed, for example, to believe in the soul. Mr. Sedgwick is himself by way of being a mystic, and interested in the occult. He is ready for new and curious and strange things—the Journal of Opal Whitely, per exemplam! So The Atlantic has travel articles that start boldly for the Hereafter; it records the struggles and victories of faith and doubt; it shares with us the meaning of prayer, and the consolations of mysticism. Death in its pages is what you and I face, not a unit in vital statistics. So this magazine by the pure logic of its spiritual tradition (plus Sedgwick) began reporting the so-called "revival of religion" before the other magazines waked up. First, because it was not a revival in The Atlantic; and second, because it had long been recording the individual conversions out of which any true revival arises. "Religion" was its second contribution to the new table of contents; and its articles are still the most interesting for they approach religion from within as a spiritual adventure, not from without as a social phenomenon.

The soul led Mr. Sedgwick to discover the I Confess article long before Bernarr Macfadden discovered it through the body. Perhaps Mr. Bok of The Ladies' Home Journal got to it first of all through the heart. He printed articles like "Why I Left My Husband" and had a kind of confessional department edited by Ruth Ashmore—Mr. Bok's alter ego. Anyhow, as The Atlantic began to lighten its load of *belles lettres* and metaphysics and wanted to draw readers in quantity, Mr. Sedgwick recalled perhaps from his day on Leslie's, that people are interested in other people. They like to overhear confessions, true stories. It's as old as language, this device for getting vicarious experience. The French had cataloged it as the *document humaine*. And we troubled moderns seem to have developed an unassuagable thirst for being told what the other fellows are making of life. We are avid for intimate revelations. And here is the explanation of the "success article" (vide The American) and that queer crew of "confession" and "true story" magazines on the stands. This craving produces much of the morbidness and melodrama of the yellow press. It is the secret of the mass interest in autobiography these last years with the astounding popular sales of Edward Bok's Life, and the Letters of Walter Page and all that endless flood of memorabilia that has finally included the life stories of a vaudeville actor, a prize-fighter, and a cook. Yet most of them told nothing of a man's insides.

Why we want these things is a study for psychologists though I hazard the guess they are a gregarious defense against our growing sense of tiny isolation in the face of our new science and the mass regimentations. Why Sedgwick fell upon the I Confess article is easy to see. He is mystically bent; he is vastly interested in life; he enjoyed these revelations and passed them on. One critic told me that he has no principles of art, but edits for himself. Moreover, there is a strain of Pollyanna and the sentimental in the New Atlantic—a hunger for short-cuts to Paradise. So The Atlantic uses the form for its true end—the story of a spiritual adventure, not for a journalistic device such as it has become with the imitators. The Atlantic gave us not the inside story of success in diplomacy, art, or finance, but the inside story of souls, gossip in its noblest sense. Here is not ordinary autobiography but the transcript of a crisis taken from the sacred private diary or the confessional. They are so intimate that the editor has had to restore the old magazine tradition of anonymity to protect his contributors. They range from the note books of the Harvard scientists who studied the medium, Margery, to the story of why a husband who loves his wife is helping her to get a divorce, and what a man who will die in six months thinks and feels.

The Atlantic then led the revolution in at least four ways: (1) it realized that an interest in ideas is endemic in America; (2) it was eclectic and cosmopolitan in seeking authors; (3) it persisted in viewing religion as a part of life until in our day this neglected field looked like a discovery; (4) it recognized the hunger in people for wisdom and help out of others' experience—human stories.

AFTER the Atlantic's innovations and before the Century's break-away came a now almost forgotten minor rebellion, The Seven Arts, edited by James Oppenheim, Waldo Frank, and Van Wyck Brooks. It began under a subsidy in November 1916, endured a year or so, and fell a victim to the War passions—and the subsidy was withdrawn. Its creed was "the need of native art, of honest expression, of national discussion." It was a youthful foray, and proved there were revolutionists rather (*Continued on page* 177)

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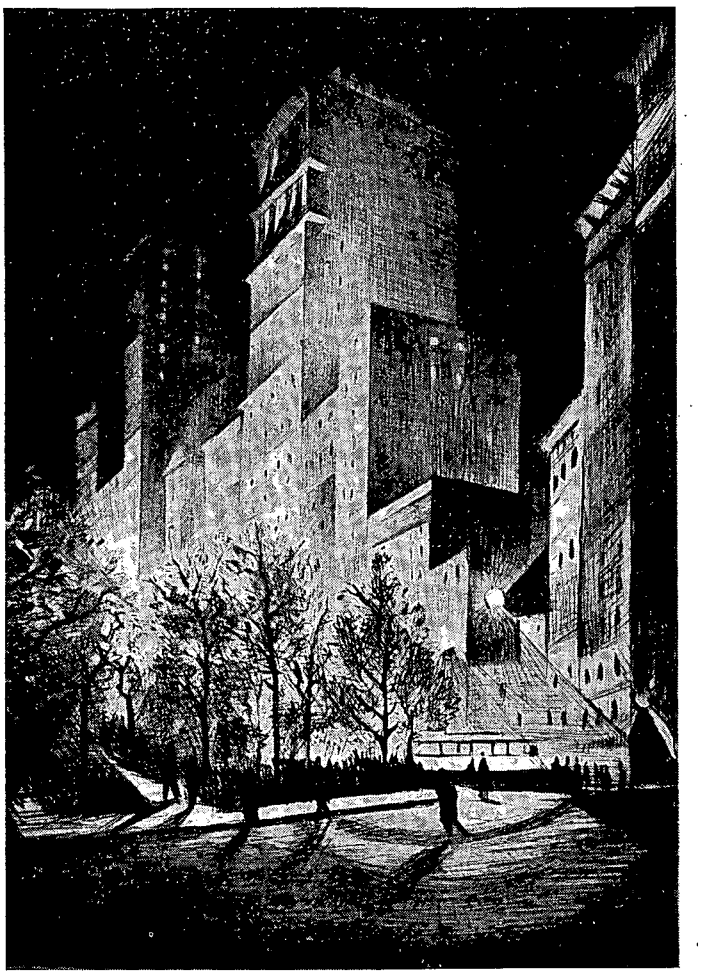

Courtesy of Kraushaar Galleries

2 a. m. New York, etching by C. R. W. Nevinson

New York: A City of Puppets

By FRANCIS HACKETT

I

WHAT has happened to Manhattan? Or what has happened to me? Why does a man who sees it after an absence of four years feel in it a strange, a terrible personality? Why does it seem as foreign as Moscow? Why do its buildings speak with a new accent?

This bitter day it turns a sallow face to our incoming steamer. When we went down the bay four years ago we left a city of blue and gold. We return under sombre cliffs and a lowering sky. Great new gaunt frames rise into the murk. There are curious pinnacles, odd perpendiculars, vast Babylonish mass less human than ever. A black wisp of cloud winds itself around the Woolworth Tower like the wreath of an infernal master-builder. The city paints itself in gray on gray.

At three o'clock, by a fantasy of nature, a ray of sunlight wheeling in the upper air alights on the lidless face of a skyscraper and gives it a living expression. This arrests every eye on our deck. The passengers exclaim and point. The dead city seems to arise into motion, the dumb to speak. The sunlight passes, silent as a butterfly, and flits to the upper Woolworth altitudes. Here it poises for an instant, tremulous and delicate, before it spreads its wings again and vanishes. It is the only flash of color on an architecture that is dun and austere.

While we approach the dock, the current of the dark river has changed. Our captain cannot make the pier. The moment becomes dramatic. To his aid come tugs in unison, nuzzling against the vessel, pushing her around in the most primitive and thrilling maneuvers.

Against the tugs the vessel is forty thousand tons of resistance, with all the strength of the Hudson behind it. But driving at its side come four, five, six, eight demonic tugs, lean athletes belching fury. It is one of the strangest sights I have ever looked down on from the deck of a ship; these eight tugs packed tight in perfect alignment, each of them precise, each of them pouring energy, each of them audacious and indomitable. From eight smoke stacks exhales vile, sinister, velvety, coiling filth with a little immaculate plume of white steam accompanying it. The cold of the air seems to lash the tugs to greater heat. The ferocity,

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the address, the control, the dash of this performance gives it a drama that haunts me as symbolic. Even from the slim decks of these tugs I can feel the natures of the men to whom this struggle is Life, who wheel tugs like taxis and match themselves against brute weight and the crafty tide.

BUT we are told to leave the deck where everybody is watching it. We are asked now to see the hind side of American officialdom. Their majesties the immigration authorities have kept us on the hoof since one o'clock while they took their luncheon on board the ship, their leisurely coffee, their wine and their cigars. What is the discomfort and impatience of a few hundred mere human beings to two or three officials who, for the moment, have the mighty power of doormen?

We are chased up and down, here and there, until, by the time the ship is in its berth, their highnesses are ready to get to work and inspect us.

"Stand to one side. You don't make yourself understood. Wait over there."

The returning immigrant bows his head. He is an elderly man and in four years he has not learned good English. Let him wait.

The next man is trembling so hard his hand can hardly hold his papers. "How much money you got?" He answers, "hunner fifty dollars." He almost cringes. Fear.

But the official is jocular. "Your name is Martell, eh? Doing a good business?" A broad, liquorish grin.

The next. "How long you been married? Eight years? How many children you got?" A guffaw from the steward.

But this ordeal is only part of the eternal pettiness of petty officials. It is the faint thin echo of the instinct that made old brutalities—the heavy handed resident magistrate, the beedle, the castor-oil idealist, the pogrom, the Cossack whip. One is released to Manhattan. The action begins.

On the dock the baggage is disgorged with magnificent speed. The whole air throbs with efficiency. A trunk of mine marked H finds itself nestling under the letter W. But it was brought there so promptly!

I want someone to take the baggage and I find a gaunt old porter, a man from Donegal. He is curiously docile, one of those big Irish laborers with weary faces and a sort of bewildered expression. He waits for a while and then disappears. I find another porter, a young chap who knows little English and is a Norwegian.

We start to leave. Expressmen with comedy hats that tell their firms, with eyes that seem to pop out on stalks, stop me, thrust their faces into mine, and bellow questions at me. They have incriminating notebooks in their hands. I hate them and yet I begin to make my confession to them, so powerful is the man with an open notebook in his hand. But I am pushed ahead, and we are swept toward a taxi.

Down below the comedy of action intensifies. A lithe young American-Irish boy, hard and handsome, springs from nowhere and volunteers to find a taxi, as if there were only one taxi left in New York. He seems excited. He makes me excited. He shouts. I shout back. I rush in to nab my baggage. Down the escalator comes the straggling procession of my belongings. I see the bag with typewriters in it. "Treat that one nice," I ask the new porter. He has a bloodhound face. He snarls, "We treat all of it nice."

For running his truck from the escalator to the taxi he expects a dollar. He is appalled, he is incredulous, at the idea of making change. "They mostly all give a dollar," declares the young Irish fellow. I gulp. Twenty-seven francs for two minutes' work, after another twenty-seven francs for another two minutes' work upstairs. Eight times as much as in the *gare du Nord*. But I forget that this dollar has to be divided three ways. I do not fall in with the comedy, the whirlwind tactics, the grappling technique, the hurtle, the hurry. I behave like a pastoral animal when the whole thing is handled as the driving of steers into the stockyards.

"Where to, Doc?" demands the taxi-driver, whose face is beautifully sculptured in blue-grey.

It is a new race of human beings. That is what I say to myself. It may be climate, the whipping March and the stifling July, the sleet and sun, the knife-wind, the edge of things, but these men are as salient, as special, as any in the world. The spare old Donegal porter in the shed above was Old Country. This young springheeled Irish lad down below who helps to lash on our trunks in two minutes and who says, "I'm working for myself,"—he has taken a long step in Americanization. I see a vista stretching from this river street to Albany, perhaps to the Presidency. They acquire speed, these youngsters. They had better acquire speed! It has a piratical harshness, a mechanical clang.

We dart up Eleventh Avenue. A black locomotive bears down on us, proudly dominant. Another locomotive boldly lumbers across the street while taxis dodge in and around like minnows. Our taxi-driver is mastery itself. As we sheer up and across, the buildings have no time to gather an expression for us. In the yellow twilight they seem to be inexorable prison-houses, built by men in some strange subordination to the machine.

The machine. Human beings in New York suddenly seem to me to have become the humble, earnest, fervent satellites of their own cunning machinery, without regard to the human scale.

I see again a sight that struck me a few hours before, the butt end of the Berengaria bulging out beyond the pier-end into the Hudson, going beyond the scale even of the river-engineers. It is a distension, a swollen invention, a monstrosity. And this town of New York hits me as being full of such monstrosities, black and powerful engines served ardently by young hands.

We are catapulted across Manhattan three or four miles, flung into a hotel vestibule, and deposited bag and baggage with good-humored brusquerie.

FROM the window of the hotel in which we install ourselves in five minutes, new skyscrapers stand up like cacti in the desert. Below is a garage-yard with wide spaces that seem consecrated to a dominating ritual. The streets bleed machines.

How amazing is the voice of this city. The thunder of this surf is not human. It voices shovels, whistles, horns, the clanking of iron, the grind of wheels. Through these, with a sharpness like the wind of spring, comes the cry of playing children. What is it like to be a child in a city that has lost the human scale? That is the question that comes back to me, through all these terrible and admirable reverberations of engineering. But I am, I suppose, thinking of my own childhood. Perhaps combing dollars out of the new arrival is a form of sport. It is certainly quite childishly high-spirited and good-natured. But do these flashing young men ignore that they are enslaved to the machine? Or

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does one see a glimpse of this recognition only in the tired eyes of the gaunt old men?

THIS New York of 1926 is glittering. Never have I seen such a difference as between unvarnished, dingy Europe and spick-and-span America. I do not say that the streets of New York are clean. They are much dirtier than the streets of Paris. But there is no comparison between the dingy Parisian and the shining New Yorker. I get an impression of freshness, of polish, of finish, with which I had ceased to be familiar. Especially I get an impression of money. One has only to grasp the dollar bill to feel the tough reality behind American prosperity. European paper money is flimsy. Here the money symbol, like everything else even in paper, gives the feeling of strength and permanence.

And how well things are painted. I do not mean the girls. I mean the taxis, the busses, the shop fronts on upper Fifth Avenue, the shop signs, everything except the municipal street signs. It strikes me as a rather highly exacting world. There are few loose ends or raw edges. The uniforms of elevator-starters and of doormen are singularly substantial and neat. In the Fifth Avenue busses I am amazed by the general well-dressedness. New York on parade, one may say, but the parade is miles long and a mile wide. Nowhere in the world can a similar glitter be seen.

Near Sixty-sixth street I find a restaurant that looks as if it had been produced by the editor of Vanity Fair. I hunt everywhere for its name, but it is invisible. I circle the institution. Is it a club? I have the courage to open a door, and on a mat, in white script, I see a well-known signature. But here it should be Grand-Child's. This descendant is to the old one what little Lord Fauntleroy was to Tom Sawyer. What could be more ineffably elegant than the maidenly blue walls, the single decorative *morte nature* basket of fruit in the window, the kitchen counter treated as an excuse for panelling glass with silvery metal, and grouping into scenery the napkins and the plates? Here are waitresses in white high-heeled boots, and fresh blue-striped laundered dresses, and immaculate frilly aprons. It is the romance of Service, to meet a great popular advance in gentility.

This advance I see everywhere. Elegance to the point of effeminacy is the note of the young man in the street. Those grave, unresponsive, unspontaneous faces, those high-striped, satiny ties. The hat with its decorative ribbon, the colored scarf—these things show a passionate worship of the genus College Man, exponent of the leisure class.

I spent fifteen minutes in a big, new uptown office of a morning newspaper. In the old local room there were never enough waste paper baskets. Now I saw huge orderly receptacles of oxidized iron. I saw desks of perfect office-furniture slickness, covered with bookkeeper's leatherette. The whole atmosphere was that of any big money-making institution. Collegy young men smoking pipes and throwing legs over desks in literary attitudes sent my mind into the composing room where the inky typographers have much less elegant attitudes but get rather higher wages. I admire this highly finished and self-possessed youth. I watch with interest the young girls who go to and fro in tight dresses, the two halves of them moving up and down like the two sides of an architect's slide-rule. This is a day of indirect lighting and patent ventilation, of vast unpartitioned spaces and flat-chested, low-heeled furniture, of beauty-in-utility with which the employes who are in the public eye do their best to keep pace. The result arrests attention, as all good advertising arrests attention.

But this effectiveness, this fine trim outline, this hit-you-between-the-eyes which is the American note today does not disguise the thinness of the goods. I mean, the human goods. The master class is not meagre. Neither is the sledge-hammer foreman or the traffic cop or the high-paid trade unionist. It is the middle class that is a little pallid, sandwiched in between a tough managerial and a rugged handicraft class. But the factory workers ape the middle class. These weedy workers aim at being mincingly refined.

The girls seem to favor aniline colors, especially in hats. Their taste appeals to me more than the taste of the young men. And yet, even when theirs is a rich and governed ostentation, it is not entirely sympathetic. It is not genial. It is strained and serious. No one is at ease and really leisurely. The ego is hard-pressed and hard-pressing. The eyes do not smile.

I ask myself: has not New York taken the lead in becoming the obedient creature of the machine? Has not its citizens' conformity to mass-production become a dominant note even in fashion? I am struck by the inescapable reds of last season, the vibrant blues and greens of this. I am struck by the routine which is imposed on the most careless and indolent wanderer, in every public conveyance, in every elevator, in every shop. The public is disciplined, is bullied. I am driven to ask myself, why do they stand it?

New York is in prose, highly finished and staccato, the prose of good advertising copy. Such little lyrics as Madison Square are cut into and narrowed down, if by nothing else at least by the heightening buildings around it. These heightening buildings lower the size and significance of the human being. Perhaps he picks out a high color, perhaps he searches for a sharp elegance, to offset the insignificance that is thrust on him. In any event, the tendency of the city to speed and altitude is stronger than any human being. And who could be carefree under such circumstances? Speed continually cries, Step Lively! Altitude breaks in on the least revery with its blank demand, What Floor?

I WENT to a tomb. They call it a factory. In this white and spotless sepulchre I saw some hundreds of silent human beings. They may not have been dead to themselves but to me they seemed dead. A little irritated sex could be seen in the eyes of the young girls with painted faces who stood over the machines. But their master was the machine, he was a brute inexorable. Every ten seconds he demanded ten exact and rhythmic motions, and the girl whose hands could not dance in time to this monster could not hold her job.

I went from floor to floor of this bare, spacious, law-abiding building. There were no unprotected machines or wild belting. No girl could be scalped by the monster in a moment of caprice. The temperature was delightfully moderated, because the stuff that had to be manufactured required an equable temperature, and the human beings in the shop got the benefit of the machine. But the machine brooks no rivals. On every floor I saw "old" machines, no longer in use, which had no flaw except the flaw that they demanded too much human service. The perfect machine is the one that eliminates wages and works while man sleeps. A vast floor on which one man with an oil-can wanders watchfully around is the ideal floor in this factory. And

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soon he need not trouble to be attentive. The machine can be given a vocal chord so that in case of necessity it can cry for help in words.

Am I a sentimentalist to say that this process is a joyless one? Am I wrong to say that the human being is secondary?

"No," the president of the company tells me, "the humanitarian attitude does not always pay. I am obliged to say 'no' as a corporate official where as a human being I'd have to say 'yes'.

"You see that photograph. You see the school-house and the hospital we have erected in that territory where we get our base material. We can't carry on. We must scrap it. We can't afford these luxuries because we can't meet the competition. "We have six graves in our cemetery. Our rival has two hundred, as a result of his slave-driving. But he can produce 40 per cent cheaper than we can. He wins.

"It's a darn pity. The youngsters are very bright. They take to education. Their parents wanted it so much they started and paid for an adult school for themselves. Now it must come to an end."

A phase of competition, you say. In this factory there is an eight-hour day, the building has light and air, the foreman is always civil, the overalls are as white as in a hospital, the noise is not overpowering, the doctor and nurse are always in attendance, wages are a little better than the average, the boobs more than support themselves.

This sort of thing, you may believe, is the best of which they are capable. If we can invent machines for them to tend, their enslavement to the machine is a light price to pay for the immunity they enjoy to the natural scourges and afflictions of uncivilized man. The immunity, that is, until the next war.

Well, I eat lunch with them. In exchange for the rather insipid substance that they are employed to manufacture, they are offered for lunch a series of similar insipid substances that similar boobs have manufactured. They drink a decoction from the best advertised tea. They eat a sticky chocolate cake that is probably the by-product of a mucilage factory. They employ ugly white crockery of an exemplary thickness, and to avoid constipation they are counselled to eat Japanese moss, spoonfuls of oily seeds, or shovel-loads of bran. Thus they remain healthy enough to rise with the lark and rush to their inspiring task of folding boxes or filling cans.

When they take off their overalls, they can slip into the dainty little hat or the elegant little coat that have been turned out in corresponding clothing factories. And if they are in luck they may be carted away in a bright and shining mass-production automobile.

Is my friend the president a labor-crusher? Not at all. He is merely the director of a huge machine. And in this machine he is himself as much a cog as the merest salesman or stenographer. He eats the same bad lunch, as a matter of convenience. He smokes the same tobacco as his engineers and elevator men. He breathes the same softened air. True, he is not in his factory as inevitably as they. He can escape to Florida. He can go up to the country in his Chrysler. He can play a game of golf. But is he free, when he has to watch every sales report and figure on every caprice and every oddity of the monster public? Is he free when he has to direct the policy of an organization competing with powerful rivals that can sling millions of dollars into "business enterprise"—that is to say, the manipulating of the herd?

This manipulation of the American herd by the select brains of the mass-producers is, it seems to me, the central feature of American civilization. In outlying portions of the earth the game is not yet perfected. In America it is perfected: you are either a herd-organizer—or one of the herd-organized. And if you won't accept the routine, you are as much a nuisance as a conscientious objector.

A YOUNG doctor speaking. "I am a good American. I fought in the war. I'm in the cavalry squadron now. But, hell, I'm saving money just as fast as I can. I don't like the way they live over here." Pause. Silence. "It's the way they live over here I don't like."

To escape from "over here" is, if you like, to run before an advancing tide. Everywhere the art in which America leads the world—the art, that is to say, of sales management, of sales promotion, of publicity, of cost plus—have an attraction like the flash of a helioscope: no country that is not actually sizzling on the equator can resist very long those devices for organizing the herd which mass production demands. Very well. What one seeks in New York is some sign that life can be enjoyed outside the iron circle of Success. One seeks the glint of a belief that there are other values than the values of salesmanship. If the business success is almost certainly a human failure, one asks for a glimmer of ironic comprehension in New York life.

And one finds it.

One finds it among certain groups of the Impatient Young. One finds it in the Neighborhood Playhouse. Eugene O'Neill and Sherwood Anderson grope toward it. Among the obnoxiously wealthy there is sometimes more an idea of it than among the intellectually *nouveau riche*. And I met intimately two grammar-school teachers from up-state New York; they seemed to have a life of the feelings rather than a life of the nerves. Salesmen purloin such a tag as "Service with a Smile" because once there were sincere people like these who believed in service, and once there was a natural smile.

But New York is too naive. It does not understand the gods of the machine. It lends itself to the puppet life that is arranged for it. It lives in the mass, cohesive, worm following worm.

I read in a school-book the words of Pericles. "We aim at a life beautiful without extravagance, and contemplative without unmanliness; wealth is in our eyes a thing not for ostentation but for reasonable use; and it is not the acknowledgment of poverty we think disgraceful, but the want of endeavor to avoid it."

The want of endeavor to avoid it! I saw a beggar standing on the Third Avenue sidewalk. He was a strapping fellow, bronzed, clear-eyed, with a fine head of curly black hair. He was minus a leg. I watched him for five minutes. In one hand, I noticed, he held out his cap to the passing ladies, in the other he held a lighted cigar. Half a dozen girls and women tripped up to him in five minutes, dropped their dimes into his cap, and slipped away. He nodded his head to them in casual thanks, and continued his smoke.

Something in me, something impish, enjoyed this performance. In Paris a beggar has to have an epileptic fit to draw so much money. And yet, admiring the American expert, I felt sad over so vulnerable a public. No wonder the machine is its master. No wonder it breathes gasoline. No wonder it reads the newspapers. No wonder it eats margarine if the salesman calls it butter.

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Booze Patter

The Canadian He-Man Before and After Prohibition

By ELIZABETH ELLIOTT

Bars open, bars closed, bars open under government auspices—the highly experimental Canadian provinces—Alberta in this instance—have run the gamut of liquor control and have accumulated a variety of experience which Miss Elliott reviews with a good-humor that is all too rare in the great American debate

TIME was when I admired the average man — oh quite inordinately, and liked him just as well. Admired him for certain durable, chivalrous, serious-minded qualities, and liked him because he was such a good fellow. Of late years, I find my admiration sagging a bit in spots, and, heaven help me, there are times when I don't even like him very much.

All because of his booze complex—not his actual drinking, just his eternal booze-patter.

Theoretically I am not a Prohibitionist. Belonging to the West where men are men and something over, I have cherished the belief that man should stand up to the winds of temptation and keep his foothold. But actually, I do not know. The winds of temptation have been fanned to cyclonic proportions by this new patter. Fermentation is in the air—in the movies, the magazines, the multitudinous voices. Even I, well stricken in years, tethered with every known form of responsibility, and with a distinct Puritanic over-hang—even I turn an interested ear. The song is old, but the voices are new, unusual. Knowing full well that this god of whom they sing, is at best a tricky elusive god, at worst a man-eater—still I am intrigued. What then, must be the force playing upon the young, and the susceptible, the inexperienced?

At the risk of getting all bogged down in metaphor, I shall say that surely something utterly unlovable and uncontrollable must be born of this booze complex, and if it is, I should lay the child at the door, not of the bootlegger, for he is unattractive; nor of the manufacturer, for he is commercial, but rather at the door of that so alluring, so seductive individual—the respectable forty-year-old average man.

Perhaps the reason why people feel so passionately on the liquor question is because the wrongs experienced through it are so rarely touched by law. The women and children have been schooled to secrecy through the ages, in so far as the matter touches themselves. The courts, and a public exposure of their sufferings, are their last resort, stripping them of all garments of reserve and dignity. Every family seeks to be "like other people." It is its first instinct to conceal any abnormality. To this end, a family that suffers from the excesses of some member will resort to any subterfuge, will endure unlimited privation, rather than expose itself voluntarily to the curiosity of the world. A drunkard's home is built on quicksand, clouded by fear and despair. The mark of this home is upon the souls of helpless children. One seeks a remedy, and the most frequent reply is, "Has it not always been so?"

In the small community the effects of drunkenness are bound to be more noticeable, in spite of all efforts at concealment, than in the large one. That may be one reason why cities vote wet, as against the more frequent drys of small communities. Of course, one grants hurriedly the superior intelligence of city dwellers. But, outside of that, there is the close kinship prevailing in lesser centers. A city dweller sees a man weaving his devious way along the streets. He registers "that poor devil is certainly soused" and dismisses the matter. We, in the small towns, could not fail to note that the tipsy wayfarer was John Smith our neighbor—none too placid a man at his best; or possibly Martin, the man on the flats, with the pathetic wife and under-clad children. We are stirred and saddened. Our imaginations project themselves to his home going. His door opens, closes. What happens? The family never tells. But we pass the house with a shiver of apprehension. What a sinister place a home may be! The door opens, closes. The world is shut out.

NOW in spite of the pervading gloom of the present, we may say with Mulvaney—oncet our men were sergeants, now rayjuced. Back in 1915 the men of our province of Alberta did a great deed. They voted the bars away. Alone they did it. It was a noble gesture—the peak of their achievements, and we dwell on it with warm hearts. They allowed themselves a little leeway—permission to import a limited amount of liquor from outside. But this was conducted with wisdom and discretion. The average of general happiness then was higher than ever before or possibly since, for the reason that men alone carried the responsibility. They looked upon their work and found it good.

Then women stepped in with their power to vote. It may be that they were in too much hurry, having endured for so long the burden of alcohol, without the kick. At any rate they came along, and later the war measures, and the first thing we knew the lid was on tight and the men began squirming—mostly the older men. It does seem that men started sloughing their responsibilities off as soon as women took on new ones.

Whatever the reason, prohibition gave birth in some mysterious way to the booze complex. There was revolt against the hypocrisy of "doctors' prescriptions," and overnight, like mushrooms, sprang up the bootleggers. Old-timers had declared there would be bootleggers—so there

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were bootleggers. Our solid citizens railed against them and trafficked with them—denounced them and encouraged them, because any night there might be a sudden party calling for first aid. Bootleggers did seem a much-abused lot, associating with the best people, yet ignored by them—kicked and then whistled for. It must have been difficult for them in their most prosperous days to maintain a proper dignity. They had other troubles too—the small boys. It was quite pathetic to hear their plaintive wails that the police were a mild pest in comparison with the Argus-eyed twelve-year-olds, right on their toes, looking for caches. A queer underworld catching the imaginations of our young Huck Finns.

At any rate prohibition, as enforced here in Alberta, was not a great success. How could it be enforced, with such a substantial forty-year-old citizenry dedicated to its downfall? Its undoubted benefit to many families was lost sight of in the tumult of denunciation. It was doomed to downfall. Men and women too—carried a victory for moderation and government control by the 1923 vote—although I have wondered if the majority would have been so sweeping if children also had been permitted to vote. This country has a very large child population, and children are never enthusiastic about drinking. Perhaps they see more clearly.

For almost two years now, the government has sold liquor, and earned a revenue obeying the clear mandate of the people with reluctance but with great efficiency. For almost two years we have basked in the sunlight of easy beer in most small towns, and government vendors for hard liquor at central points. Whether or not this is a success is still a much-discussed question. As a province, we have consumed a tremendous amount of this and that. I hesitate to name official figures, because I have attended so many meetings where opposing forces can shoot any figures to fragments. If I should say that over $9,000,000 had been drunk by us in one year, some one would hop up to say that half of it had gone over the border. Then where would I be? So it is enough to say that judging by the eye and ear, considerable has been spent, and a nice little revenue has been gathered in. Just how a revenue acquired at the expense of the happiness and welfare of the youth of the country is a blessing, has not yet appeared. But a revenue is always acceptable.

When the beer parlors were installed in the small towns—not without some conflict of opinion even among Moderationists—our men took on an exalted, spiritual air in the matter. They sought to get as far away as possible from old bar days. To this end, there were to be no mirrors and no bars. They made a great point of the mirrors, though, really, without any desire to be unpleasant, I should say that if a man could be handy to a mirror after his tenth or twelfth beer, and could see what a sober person sees, he would lay off. However—

In place of the fascinating "bar" and foot rail, there were to be hard tables and very hard chairs to discourage treating—all so inhospitable as to drive a man hence in no time. Now any woman knows that if she goes on an errand and remains standing, she is more or less on the wing. Once she sets herself down, even on a hard chair, she has frankly abandoned hope. This is psychology. So the dazzling prospect of tables and hard chairs didn't make much of a hit with women. And it has proved itself no obstacle in the path of a man really set to enjoy himself. After the twelfth or sixteenth drink, a chair less or more is a matter of great indifference: a man's soul rises above it, and his legs don't count.

In the matter of legs, the ultimate test of a man's sobriety, the old bar certainly had much to be said in its favor. In those good old days the hardy pioneer was able to stand up to his liquor. He carried on, under his own steam. His legs were a matter of honor. In these effete days, a man tucks these weather signals under a table and nothing is required of them till closing time. If his upper half registers certain flickers of life, his concealed half may be like unto two plates of soup and no one the wiser. Of course there would be much less drunkenness, if the bar-keep rang a bell every ten minutes and required all hands to walk the plank. Still, that would eat into the revenue.

So altogether, the halcyon days of easy beer and permits for hard liquor, are not quite perfect. Men get quite visibly drunk in considerable numbers and with assiduity (many who did not drink during prohibition)—presumably on our beer.

There is still another fly in the amber. They complain that it isn't very nice beer—not as nice as the brew they used to drink in the beautiful long ago. And they take another drink, and another just to see if things may not look brighter. There is something about this avid pursuit of a really nice glass of beer that reminds one of King Richard's crusade, or Sir Galahad's search. Something stately, hopeless and pathetic about this steady procession of men, their lives pretty much dedicated to the pursuit of an old ideal.

Under this new system of ours, the bootlegger certainly has suffered horrible losses. He is the shadow of the man he was. Still he casts a distinct shadow. I have seen a light in the eyes of a few of the old guard, telling me that, once they could prove me true, they would never see me stuck in the matter of a sudden drink or a sudden bottle—at a fair profit. This is not a fact that I have proved—just a feeling.

NOW any person who has lived in one small town all through the varying stages of our liquor laws, who has seen the closing of the old bars, and the unbelievable peace and "homeyness" of the streets resulting therefrom, and who has then been thrown back to what are almost the old bar days, cannot but make comparisons. And in making comparisons, the best system, at least superficially, seems to have been prohibition.

It may be true that the drinking and drunkenness in these modern days are more apparent than real. It may be that there was as much furtive, quiet drinking in prohibition times. But it is hard to believe. A real seagoing drunk involving several bottles could always be acquired in the dryest times, but it was at such an appalling cost that once the victim "came to" he was so horrified as to swing him back to a water wagon existence for weeks at least—often for months. Nowadays he can dibble and dabble at ten cents a drink, and an occasional bottle of hard stuff, pretty continuously, without being so utterly shocked.

It must be admitted, too, that it is much less vivid and depressing to hear vaguely that three men are laid out on some stable floor, than it is actually to see three drunken men whom one knows.

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In the meantime, for good or evil, the bars are here. The poor government is ladling its liquor to the best of its ability.

The saloon-keepers are crying for protection against addicted drunkards.

And right here, if I were a government, I should introduce a little innovation for the purpose of proving the honesty and sincerity of all moderationists who claim to believe in drinking and to abhor drunkenness. This would take the form of marvellous super-cameras and super-dictaphones. With weapons, I should emulate the busy bee, being here, there and everywhere, catching very moving pictures, taking records of bed-time stories from the bars.

The cameras could be counted on to catch the most fascinating shots.

Mr. Smith, our prominent business man, manipulating macaroni at the lunch counter, just after the bars close.

Mr. Jones negotiating the perilous path across the railway track—leaping the ties.

Mr. Brown hunting his elusive bottle.

Rusty, our virile cowpuncher, mounting his onery brute of a cayuse on Saturday night.

These pictures flashed on the local movie screen would draw a big house, pull in a nice revenue for the province, and be absolutely fair, because they could catch only the violators of the true spirit of moderation. As a government, I should be hand-in-hand with the moderationists, and yet not disagreeable to prohibitionists.

Now the dictaphone records would bring gems from the best minds within the reach of all. This would have to be very carefully handled, as it is a complete reversal of the conventional attitude toward these slightly insane ones. The whole effort of society has been directed toward shielding and coddling them. "Poor dears, they didn't mean it: they were just drunk," or, "No, old man, you didn't say a thing—not a-tall—a little off maybe, but always the gentleman"—what more complete alibi for any offence! Of course, it must be admitted that little harm, on the whole, ever comes from these super-man hallucinations. A man's mind and tongue leap grasshopper fashion from victory to victory, and it is usually very amusing. The only thing warranted positively to bring him up, phut, with the quiet hissing sound of a burst balloon, is the baleful sober glare of a wife.

Much is written in condemnation of the wifely glare. But there is this to be said for her. She knows this man so well. Not for the wild he-man he fancies himself; but for a mildly cantankerous, fairly successful, inoffensive cuss, troubled a good deal with his stomach. She can't get this superman concept at all, because she knows that in all likelihood, he will waken in the morning rolling tortured eyes at her, and begging to be told whether or not a man as sick as he is is likely to pull through. That second-hand hang-over is in her mind.

So altogether it might be a very good thing if wives and the public at large could be in possession of these damning records of certain midnight declarations. And would these records sell or wouldn't they?

I have another little invention for any government that wants to try it. This one is very reasonable, and concentrates more on the welfare of women and children. It is obvious that many a dollar goes over the bar that is sorely needed for milk and eggs and new boots and sweaters. While father is disporting himself, the family is very often going pretty slim.

To scrape just the outer skin of this injustice, I should establish a sort of double coupon system. Every man that has ten cents for beer has the price of a beer for his family. If he has four dollars to blow on himself at the vendor's, he surely has another four with which to treat his family. So for everything he spends in the saloons, or at the vendor's on himself personally, I should require him to deposit a similar amount to the credit of his family. If there is no need, the money will work no injustice on anyone. But believe me, that little deposit would be a life-line to many a family. The revenue would be smaller than under our law now, but the general happiness of my citizens would be increased. I should check up very closely on the married men. As for the bachelors and the foot-loose, I am not so clear. It mightn't be a bad plan to have a fund for the families of good fellows, with the bachelors paying in on every third drink.

Recent figures state that approximately $16 per year per head (1925, Pop. 588,454; 1925 Liquor bill $9,109,000) is spent on booze in this province. (*Continued on page* 180)

Silhouette by George Plischke

In the matter of legs, the ultimate test of a man's sobriety, the old bar certainly had much to be said in its favor

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Courtesy of Montross Gallery

Two-story house, Taos — *Etching by B. J. O. Nordfeldt*

NORDFELDT'S etchings of the Southwest, comprising a part of the current exhibition of the New Mexico Painters, at the Montross Gallery, New York, have the essential merit of being at once personal and impersonal. They express and reflect, that is, the spirit both of the artist and his subject. And that, when all is said, is about the most a work of art can do. Modern? Well, yes—if being Modern really still means anything. They are modern, at least, in the sense that they do not rely wholly upon representation to say their say. They are modern in the use they make of design, in terms of line, mass and form. But they are neither modern nor academic in their understanding of the age-old function of a work of art—to state a truth, not a fact. Bror Julius Olsson Nordfeldt is an American of Swedish descent, educated at the Académie Julian (Paris), and at the Chicago Art Institute, where, during the last exhibition of the Chicago Society of Etchers, the print reproduced on this page won the Logan Prize. R. H.

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Boy and pup — *Etching by B. J. O. Nordfeldt*

Election news — *Etching by B. J. O. Nordfeldt*

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Photograph by Curtis Biltmore Studios, Los Angeles

MIRIAM VAN WATERS

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Parents in a Changing World

By MIRIAM VAN WATERS

I

PARENTS today are beset with strange problems. Their job has become complex and bewildering, their performance is criticized by schools, courts, public opinion and clinics, their prestige as well-meaning earnest public benefactors is waning. In some cases they are challenged by their children, or they themselves stand baffled in the midst of their own "normal homes," wondering what to do and what to leave undone in the face of apparent failure and breakdown, or the innumerable follies and offenses of average family life.

The juvenile court sees the more appalling results of neglected childhood, but it also deals with the same kind of problems that find their way into the clinic, the confessional, and the lawyer's private office.

If the "average mother" comes to court as spectator she does not feel that these other parents and children are different kinds of human beings. She says: "How familiar this sounds! How like John and his father!" Or, in a surge of insight: "Am I like Clara's mother? Have I doubted Jane when she told the truth, and believed when she wanted me to doubt? Have I nagged, and read her letters, and criticized her friends?"

For what has happened in these court families is happening in "advantaged" families everywhere. We see in court the end-results of tendencies, attitudes, emotions, habits of thought and action in family life that are almost universal. Some fortunate accident, personality or normalizing experience, or stabilized situation has saved the day for the non-court family.

Normal parental behavior may be classified into that which is tending toward constructive family life, and that which is wiping out "the margin of safety;" just as we study personalities by observing their eccentricities, which if mild and benign we call "normal," although all present some traits which are also seen in the maniac, hysterical, epileptic, dementia-praecox, and paranoid types found in hospitals for the mentally ill.

It should be understood that juvenile court cases are concerned not so much with those acts on the part of children which would be called crimes if they were performed by adults, as with individuals and families in various kinds of trouble: bereaved, or deserted parents, parents who wish to know what to do when children leave home, or marry without consent, or are caught in the mud of commercialized recreation; parents who suddenly are confronted by the problem of control of youth in a neighborhood where most of the boys and girls do as they please with a tacit, grudging or admiring assent from their elders; parents who believe in a single, definite code of moral behavior, but who look to the state to declare it to a wayward fifteen-year-old whom they lack the courage to face. Or the child himself seeks the court's protection from cruel or unfit parents.

There is a difference between a good juvenile court hearing and a private recital of family grief: the court gets the story from each member of the family, at first individually perhaps, but at some time all together. It is like looking now through one end of the telescope, then the other. Values, the relative size and importance of the facts, assume entirely different proportions and colors if we see them from the parental focus, or from the brilliant, direct, foreshortened lens of the child. The frankness with which the story is told, demand for enough physical bravery to say in presence of the family what one has whispered behind their backs, utterance of those long-festering, unspoken accusations, the need for supporting one's vague grudges, hurts, convictions, secret ideals, wishes, prejudices with a bolster of little facts however slender—all this appeal for an *expression* of what ails us is tremendously stimulating, cleansing, and wholesome. Often after it is over the trouble dies down of itself. The crying void in the heart has found speech, the gesture has been completed; then we turn to go home! What more natural then that we slip into the old grooves of affection again? So it happens that inexperienced observers in court are sure that "a bad family situation" is impossible; that when Henry says: "I will not take my wife back. She insulted me, and stole my baby from me, and brought disgrace on my name by going to a public dance with a sailor," that Henry means what he said. But the probation officer is looking up her list of suitable apartments so that Henry will have a place for his young wife that night when the court releases her to him.

WHEN shall a juvenile court judge unmake a family? How much misery can a child endure in safety to himself and society? Today we feel that broken bones, excessive bruises, "willful neglect," certain kinds of "immorality" are enough to cause the removal of the child from the custody of his parents. We are not clear yet about the bruising and warping that goes on out of sight, —dulling intelligence, building up life-long destructive mental habits and attitudes, fostering the sense of defeat, jealousy, suspecion, credulity, or inferiority; the cultivation of weakness or of antagonism, or self-pity, or excessive pugnacity—all these are definite injuries likely to befall the child in the "average home," yet courts never interfere in these cases.

The awakened interest now taken in juvenile courts, problem children, child guidance clinics, and psychological laboratories should apply in like strength to everyday children and parents. It is comparatively easy to detect evil done by parents who may be declared legally unfit. But how can we describe or measure the tremendous amount of damage done by some "good" parents? They fulfill every requirement of a standard, rule-of-thumb parenthood; they follow the rules; neither the pediatrician nor the minister

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would find fault with them; but in their hands some child droops, or is done to death in various ways, or drops out of the ranks and edges toward the black-sheep pasture. It is these "good homes" our child study experts must reach, for the juvenile court parents have already placed themselves in a position where they can receive help.

We know so little about parental behavior, what is good, or bad, that there would be small excuse for further writing about the family save for the fact that the juvenile court, very like a laboratory, witnesses daily the strange, fascinating processes at work that make and unmake families. Out of this flux we should get some deposit. It would be tragic if this human experience were lost, or its benefits conferred only on those who suffer end-results. It is characteristic of our science and philosophy that they end their day's labor with a question mark. So with the tangle of human relationships, we cannot hope to do better than to ask questions. If only parents can teach themselves to ask the right questions!

II

THE little room in which the Juvenile Court cases are heard is still, the mother and her three daughters are waiting for a decision. On the wall hangs a quotation from Julia Lathrop:

No Child Should Be Removed From Its Own Home Unless It Is Impossible To Make the Home Safe for the Child, or His Continuance in The Home Safe For The Community.

The Referee is thinking how this amazingly simple statement should be applied. Can this home be made safe for Bertha, Edith and Jean? Bertha is thirteen. Her lips are daubed with paint. She has been arrested for selling box lunches on the street corner. Edith is fifteen. She has just been brought back from a runaway match with Arthur, a young saxophone player, whom she met at a penny-dance. She is scowling defiantly at her father. Jean is seventeen, she smiles in a self-satisfied way, is a marvel of sophistication and has the manner of one who is waiting for some tiresome screen-comedy to end. When she was arrested at two in the afternoon she was in bed in an untidy little apartment that bore the signs of a wild party the night before. Jean works at a soft drink parlor, and has evaded the truancy officers for four years.

The mother is a large good looking woman of forty-six, dressed in a tight lavender silk gown. Her hair has just been marcelled, and her heels are three inches high.

"Why did these girls get into trouble?" asks the court.

"I've already told you," says the mother, "Their father wouldn't support them. As to food, yes, he would buy them food, but Jean never had clothes good enough to go to school in. Mr. G. never thought a woman had to have any clothes. That's why I left him."

Clearly, she and the girls have clothes now. And it is evident, as she said, that Mr. G. is not the man to appreciate them. He is a carpenter, steady, patient, methodical, with large hands that make heavy gestures as if he were unconsciously boring a hole with a gimlet.

"I have raised four sons and these girls, and never been in a court in my life. I gave my family a good home. All I ask is that they act right. My wife left me because I won't stand nonsense in my home."

"Will you take them back?" asks the Court.

"I'll take Bertha back," says the father, "She is the only one who pays any attention to what I say."

To hear a single case is like diving into a deep pool. For the moment all the world is shut out. It is just this particular tangle of human relationships caught in this swirling eddy. Then one rises to the surface and becomes conscious again of the sky-line, and of all that surrounds the pool. A case is judged against a background of all that we know of contemporary family life and morals, and of all that we, in our ignorance or wisdom, suppose they were in the past, or ought to be now.

For example, this family: It started thirty years ago from healthy native stock in Missouri. There was an eighty-acre farm; a roomy house with an avenue of lovely trees. Seven children were born. Substantial meals were cooked. Birthdays and Christmas were celebrated. Neighbors called. The family went to church and to picnics. No one would dream of starting a scandal against any member; the father worked, the mother drudged, the children went to school, the sons married girls everyone knew. Then the eighty acres were subdivided, the mortgage paid off and the family moved to California. They had money enough to start a new home. But they wished to look around first.

The mother, in looking around evidently had seen a good deal. She finally consented to move into a bungalow court. It was built on one half a city lot and ten families lived in it. There was not a tree, nor an extra atom of space, nor a second of privacy night or day for any one. Meals were merely anything "hasty and tasty" that could be picked up at the corner store. Each member of the family started living furiously on an independent schedule. The mother got work in a millinery store so she could have some spending money. In the evening she went to a beauty parlor, or for rides to the beach with her "business" friends. At first she took the girls with her, but soon they had friends of their own. The three girls between them could name over twenty boys they went with regularly; that is they could give their first names, such as Red, Slick, Spike, Tex, Slim and Babe. The boys took the girls to "the show." It had to be the show, because the father did not approve of dancing. When the girls began to come in at one and two o'clock in the morning he began to express angry doubts. But, he was baffled by such mysteries as, "the differential or something broke down" (the father did not drive a car); or "we decided to stay all night with our girl friend, only her mother had company, so we came home."

The father took to upbraiding the mother. He spent his energy in reiterating his idea of what a respectable home ought to be. She agreed that things were not as they used to be but she was not prepared to say they were worse.

"I told Mr. G.," she asserts, "I have come to the time of life when the most important thing to me is my health. I am not going to stay cooped up here,' I said, 'and the girls oughtn't to either. They need a little fun. I don't want my children to be any different from the others on this block.' I told him, 'I have slaved all my life. Now you shut up.' "

Finally the mother got a job selling real estate. Then she left home and took an apartment of her own. She was making more money than the father. Jean left home too; as she explained it to the court, "we were down to the beach with a bunch of fellows and it got late, and I knew father wouldn't understand it, so I just stayed away."

It is not so much that habits of food, shelter, recreation and moral behavior have undergone a complete transforma-

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tion in this family within four years; something of deeper significance has occurred. The parents have lost the power to influence their children. This loss bewilders and saddens the father, but it acts as a strong dose of freedom to the mother.

"Well I have done everything a mother can do. I've preached to them and warned them against the boys and drinking. Now, if they get into trouble it is their own fault." Visibly, the mother has cast off responsibility. She wishes now to live her own life. It is clear that if Bertha, Edith and Jean are to be brought up respectably they must be removed from this "home."

BEFORE we reproach these parents let us ask ourselves why human beings no longer submit to routine without reflection.

Why "duty" no longer calls forth the old unquestioning response?

Because we are human, certain things must get done: food, shelter, sleep, play; fighting, mating, learning to live together; acquiring skills, expressing abilities, adjusting to nature; helping others, or impressing our will upon them; finding something to worship—these great tasks confront all generations.

Today, for some cause, we have started asking: Are we doing these things in the best way? or, Is our way the only possible way? The rapid accumulation of scientific knowledge, the pressure of economic and social changes—all these lead us to be tolerant of new solutions and doubtful of the wisdom of our traditional solutions. The increased "freedom" given to youth is only another way of saying that we do not expect them to settle down, or to become stabilized early; rather we welcome a longer period of experimentation.

No system of family life and morals can survive that does not enhance the welfare of the individual and give him a sense of happiness. The length of survival of unsatisfactory family relationships depends, among other things, upon the opportunity given its members to become articulate. Mrs. G. became articulate as soon as she moved into a neighborhood where it was no disgrace for a woman to wear pretty clothes, or to leave her husband.

The Juvenile Court now gives Bertha, Edith and Jean opportunity to become articulate. None of them wishes to go home. They face the future as individuals, not as daughters, or sisters dependent on the family group for nourishment and protection; "being with strangers" has no terrors for them. It is not that they have been badly treated. The family is no longer necessary; it has lost the only primary wealth that is possessed by the family—affection; which is only another way of saying that the growth-impulse in this family has come to an end.

Bertha, Edith and Jean presumably will be cared for. Today parents share their responsibility for good or ill results in the lives of their children with many other forces. The behavior of other parents and their children enters in, and the ideas of conduct held in the neighborhood, and environmental and industrial conditions. So does the amount of scientific knowledge available in the world at the time, the social resources that are present in their own community—school, court, church and social agency; the use, or disuse of mechanical inventions; the state of municipal, county and national politics, the degree of good will in the currents of life about them. These forces always change. They ebb and flow in different combinations so that the total human situation which confronts the parent and the child is never twice alike.

This is why we hesitate to give any specific instruction to parents, lest they might come to believe in a rule-of-thumb knowledge that can be applied without love and without critical judgment, and this is why we hesitate to condemn parents who have apparently failed. We must ask, Have their own fundamental needs been met? or, Have struggles for fulfillment so crippled them that it is no longer possible to demand responsibility toward their children? Or the institutions into which they have poured their lives may be cracking and breaking down. Perhaps it is intuitive wisdom that keeps them from attempting to force their children into the same molds.

Biologically speaking, "We all exist for the sake of our possible offspring," but what of it? What does this stark physical law mean to Eloise and John who would like to "try marriage," as they have tried so many other things together; for example, the roller-coaster? There is nothing irreverent in the comparison. The roller-coaster is an institution. It is licensed by the city. As one pauses to look down at the flimsy skeletons bridging the gulfs of that dizzy flight it seems incredibly dangerous. Yet one is allowed to buy a ticket. Other couples are trying it. Thousands do it every day. It cannot be so very unsafe, or "they" would not allow it. It has the sanction of being permitted in a world that regulates all activities.

There is an accident; people are killed on the roller-coaster. You cannot forget the expression on the faces of the survivors, the amazement, the rebuke.

So it is with marriage; another institution licensed by the state. Eloise and John have expected a thrill, which however dangerous, startling, or difficult, would somehow be safe, since so many people are permitted to try it. The same expression of amazement and rebuke is on their faces when they come to court when the family institution has collapsed.

There are children, theirs. These have suffered a good deal in the collapse; one is "nervous" and has an anxious, fearful face; the other is stolid and stares at his parents with hostility. Yet as parents go these young people have done fairly well by their children, the housing, feeding and discipline have been so-called standard.

PARENTS are not accustomed to think in biological terms. It would be impossible for them to understand what the scientist means when he says, "We all exist for the sake of our possible offspring." If Eloise and John could be articulate they would express dissatisfaction with a world that viewed the mere perpetuation of our species as enough. "Life should be worth living for us; we are willing to do our duty, though we cannot get along together; we would even make sacrifices, but we would like to feel they are worth the effort," they seem to say.

They wish to know that tangible results in happiness can be attained. If family life does not furnish it, they will try something else, in the spirit of the amusement-seeker who has been cheated or injured and who says "never again."

Yet because they have no adequate view of what happiness really is, nor where to place the blame for their failure, they seek the divorce court with the express purpose of try-

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ing it again. One who attends a divorce court for the first time, with fresh eyes and without prejudice is often startled to find it a happy place. Each contestant appears to have a plan in mind, the fulfillment of which has been long postponed, and is now about to come true. The observer is surprised also to see that in most cases each one thinks primarily of self and later, if at all, of children and family.

This is the reverse side of that individualism in art, business, science, social life and morals which has given us our "progress." The growth of the individual may be satisfying to himself and yet make a contribution to the welfare of the community; or it may take some irresponsible spurt and become unwholesome.

This process is not unlike what little we know of cancer. From a supposedly good home suddenly emerges the "black sheep."

SARA is a girl of twenty-one. She is a witness in court as the companion and leader of two younger girls in serious trouble. Later a contributing charge will be made against her. Her parents, two brothers and a sister of twenty come with her. They are charming people. The young sister is just graduating from college. She has a manner of serene refinement; the father explains with pride that she is president of her class; the brothers are successful young business men. Sara is quite different. She married unhappily at sixteen, committed a forgery for her husband, went to jail, fell into bad company, and later, after much experience, became a prostitute. She, like her sister, had the gift of leadership, but she led riots in jail, and has drawn a host of young girls in good neighborhoods into "wild parties." "Sara has always been a trouble maker," says the mother.

"When she was a little girl she would always sit by herself and stare at her hands. She never confided in anyone. She was selfish, and took the best for herself. She was always so jealous of her sister. We could never understand her, for all the children were treated alike."

Not quite alike, it would appear. The father loved the younger girl the most from birth. Sara had a longing for excitement and finery, and the rest of the family blamed her, and made her feel that her lack of success in school brought them disgrace. They were quiet and orderly. Sara described her home as "too tame." "I wasn't wanted there, so I cleared out."

THERE are thousands of young boys and girls today who "clear out." I do not refer to the little boys of nine or ten from poor homes who subsist in the street trades, nor the young people from broken homes who enter the navy or the chorus, or run away from a sense of adventure, or from economic pressure. I am thinking of those who drift away from well-regulated homes and set up independent existences in rooming houses and apartments, living in piecemeal and predatory fashion upon bits that fall in the web of commercialized recreation. They are dance-hall "instructors," beauty-parlor operators, and the like, and their boy friends are "musicians," "entertainers," soda clerks, or helpers in a "Fun House." They are all under twenty-one and they all do as they please, without parental knowledge or control. They seem to have gone off at a tangent, living as separate offshoots.

Probably, if we understood more about the laws of family growth we would be in better position to offer advice to the respectable parents of these black sheep.

In problems of human association we are both helped and hindered by physiological analogy. We are hindered because analogy is not explanation. For example, when we say a gloomy, stooping, self-centered, moody adult who is a great trial to friends is "retrogressive, seeking to return to the foetal position," we are not explaining the faulty habits of posture and emotion that have conditioned this person to accept depression without struggle. We ignore too much when we call this person infantile. We are helped by analogy because it stimulates our imagination and our sympathetic understanding.

So with family growth; it may be somewhat similar to the growth of the body. The individual cell must not only grow but must make a contribution to the whole. When it grows irresponsibly we may have cancer. According to one theory we learn that "cancer is the release of the cells from some unknown general force or forces that dominate and control their activity in the normal organism." The cell that starts independent growth "is probably not different therefore from other cells in nature as far as its general make-up is concerned." There are certain "conditions that allow it to be dominated, so that it no longer is compelled to work for the whole." It is curious to note that the same forces that stimulate normal growth may also destroy the cells in over-doses. "All types of function in the body depend evidently on the polarization of the cells." The conditions favorable for isolated and irresponsible growth, that is to say, cancer, are "crowding and stagnation."

IN modern families crowding, often actual physical lack of space, more often the limitations imposed by parents upon the growth of their children in freedom of personality, cause the children to set up an independent existence. Unwanted, misunderstood children are literally crowded out of the family group. Children of too anxious parents, who do not respect their privacy, or the children of too efficient parents who, doing everything themselves, give the young no responsibility, no shared part in the life of the whole group, have only one outlet for their energy, a flight through some inviting door that opens into the adult world, prematurely.

Stagnation may become another evil of family life. Monotony slightly relieved by flashes of cruelty, no outside interests, no stimulating pursuits, no goal beyond breadwinning, no adventure, no movement, no cultural nourishment—these conditions seize the child during his growth period, clamp him down tight, shutting out air and light. The child begins to grow independently without guidance, isolated, irresponsible. If the growth is monstrous we are likely to forget its natural cause, and commit him to the still greater stagnation of the reformatory.

The progress of the modern family depends on the extent to which parents can recognize and trust the differentiation presented to them in the personalities of their children. Not only should we know that individuals are different, and have a right to be different, but that differences between children and parents make progress possible.

The world has paid tremendous costs for its changes. After wars, epidemics, revolutions, migrations, starvations and industrial upheavals we have altered fundamental-

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ly our way of life and often for the better. Probably youth has a rôle to play in bringing about changes which has never been adequately recognized until lately. The tendency of the youth to differ from their parents is doubtless one of those formative forces that make for social growth if stimulated and guided with a view to construction.

The willingness to recognize and to use the power of youth to discover fresh solutions is not the same attitude which leaves everything to the child and expects him to discover the good life unaided. Because the ancient mold has cracked, that is no reason to believe no mold is needed. Because discipline in the past has often produced infantile adults, or has resulted in fear and hatred of authority, intense craving for sympathy, antagonism, suspicion, credulity, emotional backwardness, breakdowns, failures, and exaggerated recoils is no reason for the denial of discipline. It is rather a challenge for the recovery, or the creation of genuine discipline. That children today are so often wiser than their parents is no reason to think that it is wholesome or desirable for a child to be without a wise parent.

It is a wholesome sign of our times that parents are on probation. They are criticized by the school, church, social agency, by their own children and by themselves. Many of their blunders could be avoided by knowledge and training but most of them are due to mistaken attitude. It goes without saying that parents should possess a stock of useful knowledge—facts about physical care, food, clothes, sleep, growth, hygiene, play, spending money, toys, habit formation, emotional response, character-building, discipline, learning. It is highly important that parents know the true from the false in these matters. But the essential thing is an attitude of mind toward the child that makes the facts significant. The parent with respect for the child's personality and with belief that life is worth while will outdistance any other kind of parent who wears the parental garb but who lacks the parental heart.

A GIRL, nearly nineteen, wrote the other day that she was thinking of leaving home as life was becoming unbearable. Her mother earned a good salary in the motion pictures; she was rarely at home and when she was there she criticized her daughter for everything, "for lying down after dinner to take a nap, for sitting on the over-stuffed sofa to shell the peas, and for hanging the dish-cloth on the door knob." The girl worked in a telephone office and I answered her letter there, suggesting that she think twice before leaving home for such trifles. In a few days the following answer came:

My dear Friend: I know that you'll think I am a peculiar creature of moods but after your letter and a detailed talk with my dear father I can see how foolish my idea would be and what ill consequences might come of it. I've always been so attached to a home that I can't quite realize how it would be to tear home bonds like I had planned. So I won't bother you any more with such ideas—for I suppose the conditions are of my own making. We quarrel over the most trivial of incidents but "it takes two to make a quarrel"—I'm going to try, for your sake and my dad's to be as nice and congenial as I can, trying to make the environment more ideal for all concerned in home life.

My work seems to be progressing fine and I'm soon due for a raise (naturally, I feel bad?). Although the telephone work isn't as choice as many other professions—I feel as though I'm satisfied for the time being. I'm now trying to locate a means to attend the public part-time school, in order to take up typing and shorthand—which I think will be a benefit to me.

There is only one more grievance and that is the old one of having my mail read. I *wish* I had privacy on that score. I don't mind my father reading it but it simply infuriates me when my mother reads the letters and makes her comments.

Trusting that I may come out all right and be all that you expect me to be, I want to remain,

Sincerely with love,

JANE.

P.S. Is it wrong for me to have a friendly chat with Ruth? There is much opposition when I even mention her name—I like Ruth as an old friend and really feel there is no harm in the association.

Alas, as long as Jane lives in her "home" her mail will be opened, with comments, and there will be opposition to her friends, for her mother has the attitude of ownership, and her view of the home is that it should regulate every activity of the young.

To such parents and to others who see only loss of authority in modern homes, family life appears to be degenerating.

THE truth is that the family is an ever present reality in the midst of changing concepts. We do not realize its vitality and we have never achieved a definition of its essential contribution. In modern times we have seen it shorn of ancient duties and privileges, yet it survives. Children are born in hospitals. Infant feeding is an esoteric business that few homes can encompass without outside, technical assistance. Children's sicknesses are far better cared for by experts. Nursery schools undertand much more about habit and character training than average parents do. Education has been taken over by specialists. Adventure comes from summer camps. Books, pictures, story-telling, and handicrafts come from the library and the museum. The home is no longer equipped to give vocational training or to provide work for children. Homes lack adequate space to furnish recreation. Religion is taught by the church. Parental authority is supplemented by the school and the court.

Yet the family is none the worse.

The family is the great school of personality. The parent molds the child's personality through the medium of emotion and its expression. Often we regard the parent as the creator of the child physically; literally and physiologically, however, the parent is one who *produces*, that is to say, who leads the child forth from the mysterious life-stream in which he originated. But, in a sense only now becoming clear to us through the researches on family life undertaken by psychologists, sociologists and psychiatrists, we see that in the role of personality parents have a creative part. The child's behavior, the way in which he will face other human beings, the manner in which he will use the social resources outside the home, will be largely a response to the parent's behavior and the parent's personality.

At what point parents achieve mastery over their own behavior we do not know, but there seems to be a time in the life of every individual when conscious control enters into adult life. He then begins to have the power of directing his emotions and this power becomes a formative force that conditions the emotional growth of others, especially children.

Conscious control of conduct is not a gift; it must be fought for and won like a delicate technique, such as maintaining balance on a slack wire. Parents should see the whole process in proportion.

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Many critics of the modern family have lost perspective. They say our family life is disintegrating, but we ought to know what opportunity they have had for observing family life in the past, and how much they know of successful families today. For example a recent writer on Woman's Future and the Future Woman* assumes that we are in the midst of "universal physiological depravity." The "hundreds of thousands of commercial and voluntary corporations whose whole energies are directed toward taking the home arts out of the hands of women," the activities of social workers who have brought about a condition of affairs so that "everything that is best in the nation, all those elements on which the successful survival of our race depends, are being penalized for the sake of the defective, the lunatic, the cripple, the incurable, the half-witted and the blind," fill the author with horror. He assumes that we have lost health. It never occurs to him to ask whether individuals were ever healthier than they are now. The fact is that the few comparative statistics that we have indicate at least a ten-year increase in the average life-span and a marked improvement in health.

So with family life. There have always been many kinds of families in a single cultural status. Young Ishmael and Hannah setting out into the desert, while Sara and her son Isaac stay at home in respectability and comfort show how great the variation can be. Praiseworthy parental behavior in the seventeenth century would be punished today in the Juvenile Court, as De Schweinitz notes of the Rev. Thomas Fuller, who in Good Thoughts for Bad Times wrote in 1642: "Lord, what faults I correct in my son, I commit myself. I beat him for dabbling in the dirt, whilst my own soul doth wallow in sin; I beat him for trying to cut his own meat, yet am not myself contented with that state Thy Providence hath carved unto me. I beat him for crying when he is to go to sleep and yet I fear I myself shall cry when Thou callest me to sleep with my fathers." What an ignorant and cruel father-son relationship!

It is probable that many of the families who come to the juvenile court today show an improvement over some families that were deemed good a few generations ago. Untrained observers in court cases seeing only the faults of parents, their ignorance, weakness, confusion of mind, selfishness, neglect, tyranny, indifference or cruelty, come to the conclusion that parents are necessary evils. In the children they see only offenses and follies. To such a viewpoint the court is a sordid evidence of family breakdown. The American juvenile court however is a democratic institution with certain clinical, confessional and educational facilities that make it a social resource used by many families as a means of self-preservation. A father brings his children to court because their mother has deserted them. A mother can no longer cope with the complexities of city life and brings her fifteen-year-old daughter who is becoming wayward. A girl of thirteen reports that her mother stays out all night, and that her father beats the younger children. Here we see, not so much the decadence of family life, but the family struggling to endure in the midst of social changes that tax the wisdom of the strongest.

The court has the power to make and to unmake families and the way in which it exercises this function shows the prevailing legal and social views of desirable family life, and how much the state expects from the family.

*Ludovici, Anthony M. Lysistrata. E. P. Dutton & Co., N. Y., 1925.

An eleven-year-old boy in the State of Washington was taken from his parents and placed out for adoption in another family because he had been taught by his parents to refuse to salute the flag. Here the state obviously thought the family relationship less important to conserve than the ceremonial of patriotism!

An erratic, itinerant auto-camp enthusiast persisted in dragging his boys, aged eight and ten, about the country, depriving them of school and home. Finally the judge of the Juvenile Court ordered them placed in a foster home. The father came in to register his complaints with the probation officer. The father met a little girl crying in the waiting room, and asked her what was the trouble. She told him she had always lived with her aunt who had just lost her custody on an appeal, and she was to be sent to her father who was a "horrid missionary." (It was alleged that the aunt had committed perjury.) "Ach! you stop crying. You don't know what trouble is," said the old man, and they both paused in their private grief to console each other and to wonder at the strange logic of courts which broke one family and reunited another.

When parents seek to state their specific problems in court, or habit-clinic, they ordinarily fall into two groups, parents who wish to make the child fit into the home, and parents who wish to make their home fit for the child. The first have confidence in their skill and righteousness in the matter of child guidance. They trust the present mold of family life and differ only as to methods; whether force, or seduction or patient training in morals, are best adapted to their goal. The second group sees the child as the latest and best product of evolution and believing more or less consciously that "the progress of our race has been a progress in youthfulness" strives to adapt the whole scheme of family life to youngest members.

TODAY there is still another approach in seeking an adequate goal for the family. We may escape from the circles and glimpse a new solution, a world in which neither child, nor parent is paramount, but the child "forever growing into man" and man forever seeking to extend the boundaries of humanity make their joint contribution toward a further, now unseen goal.

To aid this process parents must face their problems with humility and courage and must no longer be ashamed to discuss their family relationships. We need to collect and take to heart innumerable family histories both in success and failure. Parents should pool their knowledge, as they have already pooled certain of their responsibilities, when they turn their children over to schools and nursery-schools.

We may agree that many parents are not fully grown up, that they face the responsibilities of family life unprepared, or with fears and anxieties, afraid of sex, or of life itself. They have unsolved personal problems of worry, jealousy, grudges, depression, thwarted desires. Still there is no evidence that the art of parenthood is on the decline. Children and parents are confronted by a changing world. Each has a contribution to make. The constructive thing is to hold to the faith that life is worth while and that knowledge, and good will can solve our problems.

To the adult who has felt the satisfactions of health, activity, a plan of life, response from other human beings, the joy of discovery and building, comes the conviction as it comes to the child that growing up is a glorious adventure.

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The casting table, flanked by telephones, saves time and trouble for directors and job hunters

Hiring at Hollywood

By MARIAN L. MEL

IN the center of Hollywood, which is the center of the motion picture world, there is being developed a new system of employment for extra men and women in pictures. The new scheme of things, may, it is true, destroy some of the picturesque traditions of motion picture employment. But traditions will be a small loss if the contemplated benefits both to the extra worker and the industry be achieved.

In the old days, if you were an extra in the moving picture world, you "made the rounds" of the studios daily in search of work. Ten years ago, they say, you traveled, suit case in hand, from studio to studio, presenting yourself, with evening clothes, a Western outfit, small-town calico, or whatever you owned, to a series of hoped-for employers. The more changes of wardrobe, the greater your opportunity and prestige—hence the "one-suit-case," "two-suit-case" man or woman. There was J. F. Lennon. Heaven had blessed him with a pair of strong arms as well as a complete wardrobe; he was a "four-suit-case-man," and he had work in abundance.

Then, as now, the industry scattered itself over a large territory, and the extra who left no stone unturned, tramped at least eight weary miles with perhaps no return at all for the day's exertions.

No classification of extra workers in those days. No systematized calls. Only this in common with the present, modernized day in motion pictures—the waiting, hoping, waiting for work.

Gradually, commercial agencies sprang up, through which the actor secured 50 per cent of his calls, thereby saving the making of calls from studio to studio. For this service, the actor paid the agencies fees in varying amounts.

On January 4, 1926, the Association of Motion Picture Producers opened the office of the Central Casting Corporation in Hollywood, to handle all casting (or employment) in extra workers. The establishment of the bureau came as the result of several years' study by the industry of conditions of production, particularly of employment. In 1924, at the request of Will Hays, Mary Van Kleeck of the Russell Sage Foundation made a brief survey of the motion picture industry, at the conclusion of which she included in her recommendations the suggestion that the whole employment situation be studied further in cooperation with the State Bureau of Labor Statistics and the various casting directors.

A search for some efficient method of handling employment of extra workers was made by Fred W. Beetson, secretary-treasurer of the Association of Motion Picture Producers, and in this he received the full cooperation of State Labor Commissioner Walter G. Mathewson, whose office is charged with the regulation of fee-charging employment bureaus. The outcome of it all was the establishment of a bureau operated at the expense of the industry upon the basis of a charge to the producer of 5 per cent of the amount paid to each extra placed, plus a membership fee. The use of the bureau is not limited to members of the Association of Motion Picture Producers, representing 95

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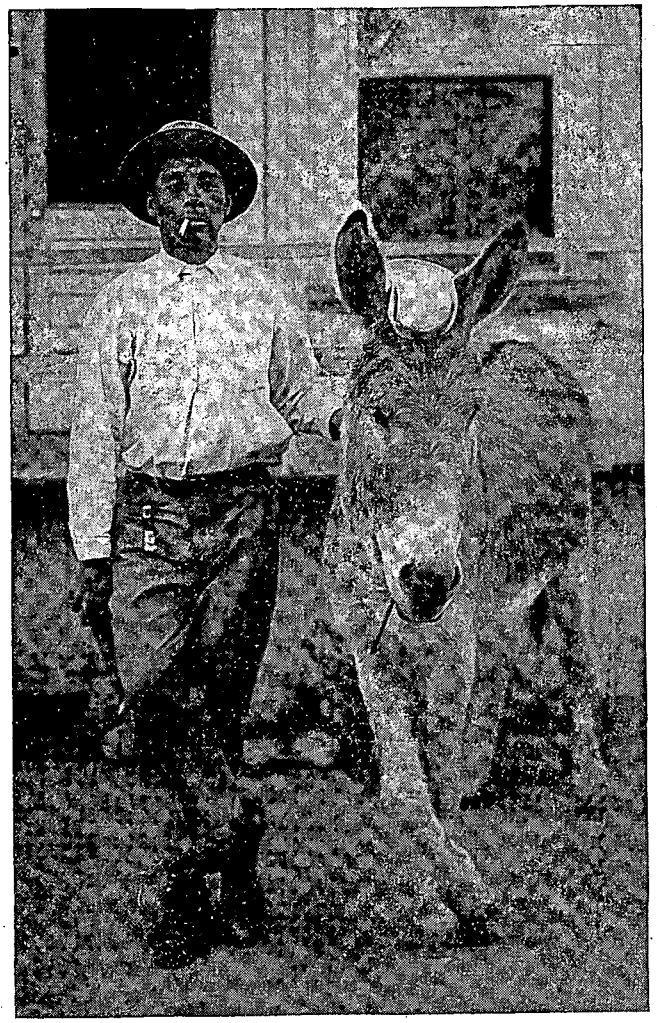

Kid Hermian and his stunt mule

per cent of the industry, but may be, and is, utilized by independent producers on the 5 per cent basis, without payment of a membership fee.

The saving of the fee is the first benefit to the extra worker. Under the old system of commercial casting bureaus, the extra paid the placement fee, amounting, just prior to the time the Central Casting office was opened, to 8 per cent of each day's check. It is estimated that the operation of this free bureau will mean the yearly addition of approximately $240,000 to the earnings of extra workers.

The first matter of importance in establishing the bureau was to determine the calling list of extras to be used. It was well known that the extra ranks were overcrowded, and in order to avoid further overcrowding, only the extras already engaged in the industry, as indicated by lists submitted by the studios, were registered. This gave a registration of almost ten thousand men and women, to which was added a registration of two thousand children. The daily placement records soon showed that this number was far in excess of the number actually necessary. For that reason, the list still remains closed, except that registrations are taken upon the written request of a member studio. These registrations are few in number.

Whatever of romance has been lost in the passing of the old days of casting, is surely to be found in the new efficiency, even as Kipling has said. The business of selecting from eight hundred to fifteen hundred extra men, women and children a day is transacted entirely over a maze of telephone wires. Twenty-six trunk lines lead into the casting room and twelve lines lead directly to the casting offices of studios. No telephone bells ring. As the light signals flash on the switchboard, the three telephone operators connect the casting staff with a great industry seeking workers, and with the thousands of workers seeking a place in that industry.

A studio light flashes, and a casting director takes the call. Listing a studio order for a day may consume twenty minutes or half an hour, depending upon the size of the call and the details in which it is given. For casting does not mean filling blanket orders of so many men and so many women. The following details are taken at random from one day's orders, to show what knowledge of the characteristics of the individual extras casting directors must have:

12 soldiers—mixed nationalities
6 girls—wear short socks
35 women—street clothes, wraps
20 men—well dressed, dark suits, overcoats
1 reporter—dark suit
1 big Negro—large hand
1 mother—baby
5 men—cutaway coats, top hats
10 women—afternoon dresses
1 boy—12 years, freckled face
1 man—chauffeur
1 man—beard, street clothes, morning cutaway coat, silk hat, cane, gloves
1 woman—25, evening gown
7 men—laborers
1 fireman
1 German soldier—costume furnished
1 French officer
1 man—servant
1 Mother Superior
2 nuns
1 chauffeur—can drive Renault car
6 men—expert swimmers and divers, bathing suits, robes, neat summer clothes
15 young girls—expert swimmers and divers
1 flapper—boyish bob
1 woman—for drowning stunt
1 peanut butcher—smart boy, costume furnished
13 men—20 to 40, golf suits, classy flannels, straw hats
1 colored maid
1 large woman
1 small hen-pecked man
1 man—to do a "bit"

Extras are instructed to telephone in at least once a day and 80 per cent of the orders are filled from these incoming calls. During the peak of the day, between four and seven o'clock in the afternoon, calls come over the switchboard at the rate of about 700 per hour. Any casting man must be accustomed to using both sides of his brain at once. While he sits, apparently engrossed in taking a studio order, he must still be conscious of the steady stream of names called out by the telephone operators as they answer the applicants for work. The operator in taking each call repeats the name aloud for the benefit of the casting directors. "Betty Ames," calls the operator. Silence at the casting table. "Sorry, nothing in, Betty," says the operator, and rings off. Luck may be with Betty at her next call, and a casting director, on hearing her name, says "Give me Betty Ames." "Working tomorrow, Betty? Report to the Fox Studio to Director Jones at 8 o'clock, weather permitting. Seven-fifty. Wear a good-looking sport outfit."

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For each extra registered with the bureau there is a record card with full description of personal characteristics, experience and wardrobe, and an identifying photograph. The casting directors study these records, meet the extras personally and whenever possible, observe their work on the sets, thereby mentally cataloguing them. It is upon that mental catalog that they depend, in filling orders. A name called in over the switchboard instantly calls up the image of its owner. "Who is Major Ivanoff?" you enquire as his name comes in. "He's the big blond, bald spot, scar on his cheek, six feet two, expert rider, and has complete Russian uniform." The picture is complete.

Speed is the essence of casting. Not long since, a certain director was ready to begin the day's work with a café set which included a large number of Charleston dancers. He decided that the set was not large enough to carry out his ideas, and in order to do so an order for 150 additional dancers was telephoned to the Central Casting office. The ranks of dress men and women who were also Charleston dancers had already been thinned by the day's order. The casting force concentrated on this task, and in one hour, the additional order for 150 people was filled, at the rate of 2½ placements a minute.

There can be no question as to the increased efficiency in the service rendered to studios through one central casting office. A studio may have a rush order for a group of extras for night work. There may not be time to gather such a group from their homes, but the Central Casting office will know that the needed group will be dismissed from another studio in time to fill the call, and with one telephone call to the second studio, the order will be filled.

A studio may order a group of extras to report at nine o'clock, weather permitting (meaning, that they will be used if the weather permits the taking of the picture). At seven o'clock, the studio may decide that the weather will not permit work, and by notifying the Central Casting office, the extras may be reached by telephone and prevented from making a useless trip to the studio.

At 8:30, Universal calls Central Casting and reports that John Brown and Tom Jones are not on the set. Central Casting calls the absentees, and either reports back to the studio that they may be expected within a few minutes, or rushes out two men to replace them. Studios report to the Central Casting office on all cases of lateness, failure to report for work, misconduct on the sets, faulty wardrobe or other unsatisfactory service. Extras are asked to explain such reports and are given to understand that their future employment will depend upon satisfactory performance of their duty.

Recently, during a threatened outbreak of smallpox, there was serious danger of closing the studios unless extreme precautions were taken. The Central Casting office, in engaging extras, made employment conditional upon vaccination, and advised all extras that they would be called upon to exhibit vaccination certificates upon reporting to the studios.

Who is an extra? Think of any large motion picture you have seen. Eliminate the five, ten or twenty principals, (depending upon the type of picture) and all the rest will be extra workers. Roughly, 95 per cent of the players appearing in any picture will be men, women and children employed on a daily basis as "extra workers" seeking employment from studio to studio, from day to day. What types are used? Again, think of the pictures you have seen. Pictures represent life, and life must be represented by every age, every type. As with the legitimate stage, it is true that youth and beauty have a prominent place. Youth and beauty alone have received a prominent place in the fiction devoted to motion pictures. Spend a single day in any casting office, and learn that age is no bar to the craving for self-expression.

Because of this necessity for every type, every age, the world at large is candidate for motion picture work, forgetting that there is limitation in numbers if not in type. Producers realize the already serious over-crowding of the extra ranks. Extra workers now enrolled realize it through the irregularity of employment. But the ever oncoming stream of motion picture candidates still say hopefully, "You must need more people for street scenes." "I've been told I could do mother parts." "They say you need new faces." "What will you do when you need a mob?" And the answer to the last, dear candidate, is that it would only be necessary to go to a central spot and whisper, "Do

In the old days the four-suitcase-man had work in abundance

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you want a chance to work in a picture tomorrow?" and the necessary crowd would be assembled at the appointed time and place, even if no pay were involved. Such is the strength of that something in each of us that demands a place in the public eye.

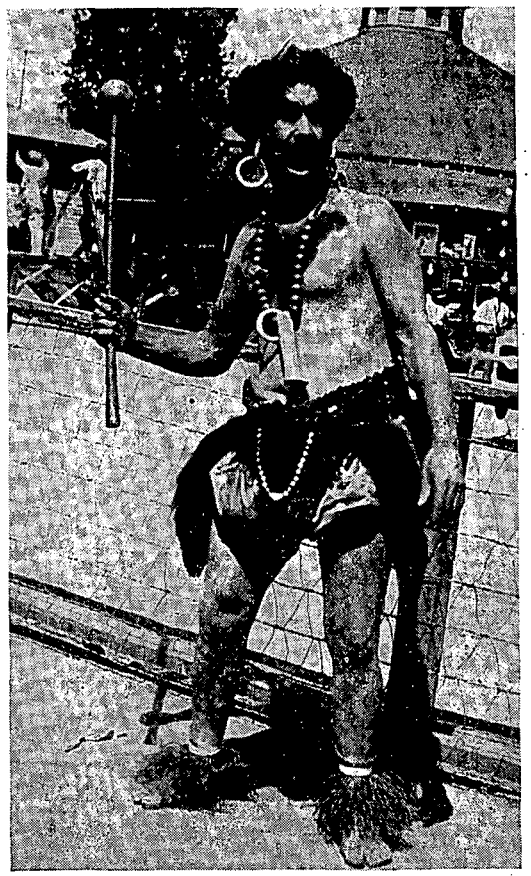
Extra women are recruited, or rather recruit themselves from every branch of employment, and from the ranks of the unemployed. The stenographer, professional model, actress of the legitimate stage, concert singer, dramatic reader, teacher, laundry worker, waitress, woman dentist, trained nurse, saleswoman, beauty-parlor worker, housewife—all are sisters under the skin in feeling the urge of the stage or screen. Mrs. McGrath is a highly successful grandmother, as well as a fairly well established masseuse. "I raised my own nine," she says, "but do you know, all those years, I was crazy to *play,* and now, can't you give me a chance?" And by virtue of sixty-two hardworking years, she does seem entitled to the satisfaction of her play-instinct. But can she earn a living at it? A graduate trained nurse was recently found uncomfortably close to the hunger line. Her own profession was open to her, but the craving for picture work demanded satisfaction, despite few and poorly paid calls, and she had no special qualifications for this work.

Mrs. O'Neill, a vivacious young mother of five small children, whose husband's employment is fairly unsteady, has been in pictures for three years. At the beginning, her husband was out of work and bread and butter for the babies was the main consideration. "But how did you dare take a chance on picture work when it is so uncertain?" we asked her. "A neighbor got me the first day's work; I only worked four hours and got $7.50. It was like the first suck of a lollypop!" Now do you think you could interest Mrs. O'Neill in a position as saleswoman at $16 a week, for eight hours of work a day?

It is hoped that the publicity recently given to the overcrowded field of motion picture work will leave its mark. Following a local newspaper story, a Tony Gonzales, a Mexican girl of 22, not attractive in appearance and with apparently slight education, called at the office. She had always wanted to write stories and plays, she said, and if she could only work in pictures, it would help her to write. She was sure she could act as a waitress, because she really was one, and was earning $14 a week, and three meals a day. Tony listened with an open mind to the statement of how faint were her chances of earning in picture work anything like her present wage, and she left, saying, "My mother didn't want me to come to see you, she was so afraid I would go into pictures. But now I have come, I think I'd better stay where I am." Alas, for one Tony, five applicants leave saying, "You'll see me back again; I just must get into pictures!"

It is probable that extra men come from as many fields as extra women. Fewer men are drawn to the industry than women; the ratio of registration being three to one. This is probably due to the fact that men, with family responsibilities cannot afford such irregular employment. As for placements, the ratio is almost reversed in favor of the men. In the five months' operation, the bureau has made 64,023 placements

One man, six feet six



One wild man

One trained nurse

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for men, and only 28,674 placements for women. This means that a woman has one-sixth the chance of a man in securing work! The ordinary conception of motion picture work is that it is women's work primarily. But recall once more the pictures you have seen—the battle scenes, strikes, crews of ships, the palace guards—practically all large groups consist of men. The industry has had an opportunity to give employment to large numbers of disabled veterans, many of whom have been drawn to Southern California by the mild climate. A day or two of employment a week, even at a $5 rate, means a substantial addition to their compensation.

One of the differences between this and other industries is the lack of a clearly defined apprenticeship. The new extra is first used as "atmosphere"—meaning one of a group of players not called upon for individual action. Hundreds of extras never leave this group, and yet they fulfill a certain definite need in pictures. At first, the extra will be used only in very large groups, until he or she has become accustomed to the strange surroundings and to direction. For those who show evidence of promise, work will be given in smaller and smaller groups, and they will eventually be called upon to do "bits," i.e., small bits of action, frequently added to the original action at the inspiration of the director. An extra's rate is often raised for the day for the successful performance of a "bit." From "bits" an extra may be promoted to "parts"—action of more importance than the "bit," but still the work of an extra who may be used for only one day in an entire picture. And the desired of all things is "screen credit"—the actual appearance of a player's name upon the screen.

Directors are fairly agreed that there is but one way to learn motion picture acting, and that is, actually to be before the camera, under direction. So-called motion picture schools have no legitimate place in the industry, and credentials from such schools do not secure admission into the extra ranks. Training in pantomime and dancing are admittedly valuable. The training of the legitimate stage is certainly of definite value. It is interesting to learn how many motion picture workers have been recruited from the stage, attracted by the thought of establishing a permanent home, away from the hardships of "the road."

High daily rates of pay undoubtedly attract many men and women to extra work. At the bottom of the scale is the $3 worker. These are men and women who have no identity in a mass. They may never have worked in pictures before and may never work again. From there on, extras are paid $5, $7.50, $10, $12.50 and $15. Very little placement at rates of over $15 is done by the Central Casting Bureau, for the studios ordinarily prefer to make personal selection of these higher paid extras, who will probably be called upon for individual action. The placement report of the bureau for the month of May, 1926, is here given for the purpose of showing the division of placements according to wage groups.

Extras receiving $7.50 a day and higher rates are either qualified for "character" work, or their wardrobes are sufficiently extensive to warrant the higher rates of pay. "Four-suitcase Lennon" is still with us in kind, if not in

One sheriff

Bridesmaids ad lib.

One British captain, "$10—no less"

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fact. He and his feminine counterpart are still in high demand. But their wardrobes remain stationary while they report for work, costumed according to specific telephone instructions. Thirty-five per cent of the orders filled by the Central Casting Bureau are for "dress sets"—sets requiring exclusive wardrobe.

WHAT EXTRAS ARE PAID
PLACEMENTS BY CENTRAL CASTING CORPORATION
MONTH OF MAY, 1926

Wage Rate	*Men*	*Women*	*Boys*	*Girls*	*Total*
3.00	40	10			50
5.00	3396	2128	220	147	5891
7.50	5779	2331	63	56	8229
10.00	4205	1843	16	30	6096
12.50	397	183	11	9	600
15.00	671	234	5	1	911
Over $15.00	258	54		1	313
Total	14,746	6,783	317	244	22,090

One of the points frequently at issue among extras is the variation of rates for what appears to be identical work. Twenty-five men, similar in type, with identical instructions as to wardrobe, will be called for a hotel lobby scene. Twenty may receive $7.50 for the day's work, four of them $10, and one $12.50 or $15.00. This is done to "protect" the scene. Pictures are cut roughly to pattern, but every production is subject to variation at a hundred points, none of which can be exactly forseen. In addition to those actors who are assigned parts, certain extras who can act (who can "troup," in picture terms) are provided for use in emergency and are paid for that acting ability, whether or not they are called upon to display it. For example: in our hotel lobby scene above, the original script may require that the hero enter at one door, cross the room and exit. The director in working out this action, may decide that the exit should be emphasized by a close-up of the hero. How to get it? He calls upon the best "bit" man to approach the hero, present his card and detain him in conversation. Two or more of the better paid extras may be detailed to comment upon the meeting. None of this action was planned, but the troupers were there in readiness for just such an emergency, and were paid accordingly.

ANOTHER matter frequently raised by the extra, particularly in connection with complaints on lack of work, is the charge of incorrect casting. "I never even got a chance at that big French set yesterday, and I'm real French, myself." With great indignation, she names over the lucky ones who were called, many of whom were indeed not French by race. Nothing could convince her that the motion picture conception of a French woman includes dark hair, eyes and skin—the motion picture public expects that type and that is the type that will be used. Real Frenchwoman though she was, she would not have met the requirements of that particular set.

Our friend, Mrs. Goldberg, prides herself upon playing any type, and after she failed to receive a call for a huge set representing a New England village in the early seventeenth century, she hastened up to register a complaint. The casting office had had specific instructions from the director to send only Puritan types. "Puritan types!" says Mrs. Goldberg, indignantly. "I will admit that when I get mad I can look pretty nasty, but then again, I can look just as innocent!"

No standard wage is possible because of the variation of work. Central Casting calls Bill, a first-class contortionist, who rates a $25 check for a contortionist act.

"If you're not working tomorrow, Bill, go over to Century—they want you to wear a lion's skin for fifteen dollars." (Evident expostulation from Bill.)

"That's all they'll pay for it, Bill."

(More expostulation)

"Well, Bill—you never saw a lion do a contortionist act, did you!" And Bill takes the job.

When pictures need fat women, they must have them—and they pay for them. The three hundred pound lady who is given a "bit" in a circus scene may rate and receive a $15 check, or more. But unless a fat woman is required for special business, she cannot be used in a small group, where her size would instantly attract attention away from the star or from the general action. In the large groups where she can be safely used, she is not worth more than the miscellaneous extras on that set, who may receive $5 or $7.50 a day.

This condition holds for all eccentric types—the abnormally tall or short, fat or thin extras. There will never be enough of type work alone to support them, and for miscellaneous work they can command only the rates of miscellaneous extras.

"Doubles" who accept extra work between "doubling" calls accept the established extra rates, whatever they may be for the particular production, in place of their own established rates. John Brown, leaping from a parachute to a moving train, is worth five hundred dollars per jump; the same John Brown, walking up a picture Main Street with a hundred other John Browns, rates regular extra pay.

Even dress men and women specify variations in their rates. "I'm willing to do street stuff for $7.50, but I won't do full dress for less than $10."

THE employment of children in motion pictures is negligible—only 2 per cent of the total placement. All boys and girls under eighteen are subject to the regulations of the Los Angeles Department of Public Schools. No baby under six months is permitted to appear in pictures. Every child who works must have a special permit for the particular engagement from the school department, and must be accompanied by parents or guardians, if under school age. Teachers, assigned by the school department and paid for by the studio, give four hours' daily instruction to every child of school age. The instruction is given on the studio grounds, where the teacher remains as long as the children are at work. A program for the building of model school houses on the studio lots is now under consideration by the producers, and by the coming fall term, each studio will have excellently equipped school quarters.

COINCIDENT with the opening of the Central Casting office came the regulation of the State Industrial Welfare Commission governing the employment of women and children in motion pictures. Following a general survey, carried on with the cooperation of the industry, and after a public conference and the holding of a wage board equally representative of the producers and the women in the industry, the Industrial Welfare Commission issued an administrative order, which, under the (*Continued on page* 179)

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Horizon Lines

A Monthly Survey of Our New International Frontiers

By JAMES G. McDONALD

THE historic event of the entrance of Germany into the League of Nations was the occasion of two of the most notable addresses since the war. The bare, hot *Salle de la Reformation* was crowded almost to suffocation; diplomats from more than fifty countries, hundreds of journalists from all over the world, and as many Americans as could by hook or crook gain tickets, were crowded into the hall. Stresemann, perspiring and nervous, was welcomed to the rostrum by the President of the Assembly. The German foreign minister spoke impressively, explaining Germany's hopes from the League and committing his country unqualifiedly to its support. He said:

> The most durable foundation of things is a policy inspired by mutual understanding and mutual respect between peoples. Germany has already, before her entry into the League, endeavored to work in the direction of this friendly cooperation. In that respect, the German initiative which led to the pact of Locarno is a proof, and as further evidence there are the arbitration treaties which Germany has concluded with almost all her neighbors. The German Government is resolved to persevere unswervingly in this line of policy, and it notes with satisfaction that these ideas . . . are now becoming more and more deeply rooted in the conscience of the German people. The German Government . . . will wholeheartedly devote itself to the task of the League of Nations.

Briand, who had asked to be permitted to make the response on behalf of the Assembly, was in his best form. Always brilliant, speaking without notes, he roused the vast audience repeatedly to enthusiastic applause. Even hardened diplomats wept when, extending his hand towards the German delegates, he cried:

> No more war! No more shall we resort to brutal and sanguinary methods of settling our disputes, even though differences between us still exist. Henceforth it will be for the judge to declare the law. Just as individual citizens take their difficulties to be settled by a magistrate, so shall we bring ours to be settled by pacific procedure. Away with rifles, machine guns, cannon! Clear the way for conciliation, arbitration, peace! Countries do not go down in history as great solely through the heroism of their sons on the battlefield or the victories that they gain there. It is a far greater tribute to their greatness if, faced with difficulties, they can stand firm, be patient and appeal to right to safeguard their just interests.

How symbolic that Ninchitch, the foreign minister of what was once Serbia, should have presided on this occasion, and that Briand should have been authorized to deliver his cordial welcome by a government headed by Poincaré, one of Germany's bitterest critics!

A few days later, in the little village of Thoiry, Stresemann and Briand discussed for four hours the common problems of their two countries. The press reports gave what has since been shown to have been an exaggerated account of the agreements then reached. Apparently Stresemann did propose the commercialization of a portion of Germany's railway obligations under the Dawes plan, the returns from which were to be made available to France as a means of stabilizing the franc and balancing the French budget. This help was reported to be contingent upon:

1. The withdrawal of the Allied military commissions from Germany;
2. The return of the Saar Valley earlier than 1935;
3. The acceleration of the withdrawal of the French troops from the Rhine;
4. Approval of the proposed Belgian return to Germany of Eupen and Malmedy.

Briand was not unsympathetic with this proposal.

But it was Utopian to assume that any or all of these plans would immediately be carried out. On the contrary, French public opinion, its suspicions heightened by the very cordial approval in Germany of the reported agreement, became critical of Briand. Seizing upon Stresemann's informal suggestion to a group of German students that Germany's unanimous election to the League showed that she was no longer considered as solely responsible for the war, Poincaré retorted by reiterating his determination that the German government should not be permitted to escape this responsibility which it had admitted in the Treaty of Versailles. But much of his old bitterness was gone. In their discussion of war guilt, both the French premier and the German foreign minister were playing home politics; Stresemann to placate his own party and the Nationalists who were critical of the League, and Poincaré to quiet French fears of Germany which he himself had done so much to keep alive. Public opinion in France and Germany is not yet quite ready for a complete rapprochement.

Aside from the political difficulties the serious obstacle to the carrying out of the ambitious program discussed at Thoiry is economic. Assuming that French public opinion could be induced to grant the concessions desired, the German railway bonds could not be sold at once. This would necessitate a large international loan, which will be possible only after the following three steps at least have been taken:

1. The stabilization of the French franc;
2. The balancing of the French budget;
3. And most important, the ratification by the French parliament of the debt settlements with the United States and Great Britain.

Until the first two of these moves have been made, the stability of the German currency would be jeopardized by an attempt to sell abroad hundreds of millions of dollars in German securities. And until the debt settlements have been agreed to, the United States government will not permit, nor will the bankers attempt to float, the requisite loan. Therefore, six months or perhaps a year must intervene before the full fruits of Thoiry are ripe.

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International Sidelights

THE enthusiasm in League circles at the admission of Germany was but little dampened by the withdrawal of Brazil and Spain. It is generally believed that the Spanish action was dictated primarily by considerations of internal politics. Primo de Rivera's successor, particularly if he heads a constitutional régime, may find it politically expedient to take advantage of the door which the Assembly was careful to leave wide open. Something of the same optimistic opinion is commonly held in reference to Brazil. There, not so much domestic politics as *amour propre* led the government into a situation from which it could not retreat without losing face. The Brazilian contention that they should have a permanent seat on the Council, "as the representative of Latin America," is absurd because at least two other South American states, Argentina and Chile, make equal claims for the same leadership. The Brazilians in justifying their action also argued that: the League is in reality a European organization and deals effectively only with European matters; because of the Monroe Doctrine it cannot concern itself with American questions. There is much truth in these contentions, but they are excuses rather than the reason for Brazil's resignation. Therefore, it would not be surprising if within a few years, Brazil were to take the semi-permanent seat in the Council created for her unless Argentina, by returning earlier, has previously occupied it.

The reorganization of the League Council, completed during the Seventh Assembly, is at best a makeshift compromise. Three non-permanent members were added, making nine in all, as compared with the five permanent members. This year instead of all being elected for the regular term of one year, the non-permanent members were divided into three classes: three years, two years, and one year. Only three of the elected members may be declared eligible for re-election. This honor was given only to Poland.

The plan had the great merit of being acceptable to both Germany and Poland. It has been severely criticized, however, as an encroachment on the prerogatives of the Assembly and as lessening the efficiency of the Council itself. It is difficult to see how the Assembly is less well off than before. But a Council of fourteen is unquestionably more unwieldy than a Council of ten, particularly since unanimity is so often required. More serious than the size is the make-up of the new Council. Poland, Chile and Roumania were elected for three years; Colombia, Holland and China, for two; Czechoslovakia, Belgium and Salvador, for one. The Latin-American representation is weak. China, torn by civil war, cannot give her delegate any effective mandate. Poland, Roumania, Czechoslovakia and Belgium are all allies of France. The lack of any Scandinavian state is unfortunate. Because of their genuine aloofness from most of the conflicting interests on the Continent, and because of the commanding characters of most of their leading representatives, Norway, Sweden and Denmark have from the very beginning been especially useful in the League. Their elimination looks a bit like retaliation because of the independence of the Swedish delegates last March.

The gravest difficulty about the Council, however, is inherent in the idea of permanent and non-permanent members. The creation of semi-permanent membership, though it met a grave crisis, threatens to add rather than to lessen the basic difficulties. How draw the line between the claims of Poland and those of four or five other states for these new places? Moreover, China would under normal circumstances have claim to a permanent seat equal to Italy. In other words, there is no logical place to draw the line between permanent, semi-permanent and non-permanent members. The constitution of the Council must therefore be considered as still in the experimental stage. Perhaps ultimately the great and the near-great powers may come to the acceptance of the principle that all states in the League are equally eligible to the Council, trusting to the good sense of the Assembly to keep constantly in the Council states which, because of their extensive interests could not be logically excluded.

Aside from the admission of Germany and the reorganization of the Council the work of the Seventh Assembly was not notable. A resolution was passed calling for a World Disarmament Conference to be held before September 1927, "unless material difficulties prevent." Though France, Germany and Britain pledged their support of the proposed conference, there is at least an even chance that it will not be held. There are still too many fundamental differences of interpretation between the great powers themselves to justify any feeling of optimism. Other actions taken by the Assembly were:

1. A resolution to provide for an international economic conference was adopted. But here too the obstacles are formidable. If the United States, as is commonly believed, would oppose any consideration of inter-allied debts and if the Allies were to object to a consideration of Germany's reparation obligations, little progress could be hoped for.

2. Unanimous approval was given to a project to found an Armenian National Home in the Socialist Soviet Republic of Erivan. If carried out this may do much to heal an age-long sore in the Near East.

3. A draft treaty to end the evils of slavery, drawn up largely by Lord Cecil, was adopted and signed at once by the representatives of twenty states, including Portugal and Abyssinia, the two countries most affected. It provides for the suppression of the slave trade and the elimination of forced labor. Its efficacy will depend largely upon the good faith with which it is enforced. Only a rash optimist would conclude that the grave abuses in Abyssinia, and in Portuguese Africa and in many of the other European controlled parts of the African continent will be terminated. Unfortunately the United States, which might have been a party to this Convention had it been drafted by an international conference independent of the League, will probably now consider itself estopped from signing, much less ratifying it. So does the bogey of the League keep us from helping most effectively in this wholly non-political work.

CHAO-HSIN-CHU, leading Chinese delegate, created a stir in the Assembly by publicly accusing the British of having deliberately bombarded Wanhsien, destroying a thousand houses and killing one thousand people. His protest, which seemed to have caught the British delegation unawares, was replied to by Lord Cecil. The latter's rejoinder would have been more effective had he not emphasized so sharply Chao-Hsin-Chu's "breach of good form." Surely, if the League of Nations does not permit this sort of protest by a weak State, it will have surrendered one of its most promising possibilities.

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The United States' Reservations to the World Court

THE Senate's Reservations to the United States' adherence to the World Court have been accepted in principle and with reservations. During the time that the Assembly was meeting, twenty-three signatories of the Court Protocol held their sessions in the International Labor Office to debate the American terms. The issue soon became unmistakable. Is the United States asking for equality or for privilege? If the reservations could be interpreted to mean that our government was asking merely the same rights as Great Britain or France as permanent members of the Council of the League, then the Reservations, it was unanimously agreed, were acceptable. But if, as became more and more evident as the Reservations were studied, they were susceptible of being interpreted as requiring that the United States have the same rights as the whole of the Council or of the Assembly, they could not be accepted.

This crucial question was raised only in connection with two of the Reservations: the fourth, which would prevent the statute of the Court being amended without the consent of our Government, and the fifth, which would require that the Court shall not "without the consent of the United States entertain any request for an advisory opinion touching any dispute or question in which the United States has or claims an interest." Both these conditions were accepted, but with the general reservation that such acceptance might later be withdrawn if two-thirds of the signatories of the Protocol should so decide. But this counter reservation did not seem sufficient to guard against the possible misuse of the American reservation about advisory opinions. Speaker after speaker argued that unless it were interpreted narrowly, this condition would wreck the increasingly useful practice of the Council of the League asking the Court for advisory opinions on questions pending before the League. Therefore the acceptance of this reservation could be secured only subject to a counter-reservation that it was to be understood as giving to the United States the same power of veto as might be exercised by a permanent member of the Council.

Will this qualified acceptance of the Senate's terms be satisfactory to the President? The debates in the Senate and the President's pronouncements until a few weeks ago all seem to indicate that we were asking only for equality. This is offered us. But since the offer the "Official Spokesman" of the White House has intimated that equality might not be enough. If President Coolidge finally decides to reject the compromise offered by the Geneva Conference, United States' participation in the World Court will have been indefinitely postponed. If our government does show itself unwilling to cooperate, it will at least be heartening to know that the rest of the world continues confident that the Court will grow in usefulness. It may be a wholesome thing for us as a people to realize that we cannot invariably be accepted on our own terms.

"Uncle Shylock"

WITHIN less than a decade the "chivalrous champion of freedom and justice, fighting unselfishly and without stint to save civilization," has become "Uncle Shylock." Throughout the allied countries the United States is portrayed in editorials and cartoons, from the platform and the stage, as greedily grasping not only for its pound of flesh but for the very estate of the debtor. Private letters from European statesmen and scholars, very sympathetic to this country, confirm the impressions gathered by the casual tourist. The United States and Americans are widely disliked and in many sections of European public opinion, hated and feared.

The reasons for this revulsion of feeling against us, and possible ways of counteracting it, deserve much more careful study than they have yet received here either in governmental or unofficial circles. "Pollyanna" statements from official spokesmen, that all is well, are as futile as the bitter retorts of isolationist politicians and publicists, that Europe, jealous of our prosperity, is merely rationalizing her desire to evade paying her debts, are mischievous. The situation is grave and the causes are deep-rooted. It is folly to assume complacently that European antagonism cannot hurt us. It has already intensified our national conceit and strengthened the always powerful, though sometimes latent, American disdain and suspicion of a foreigner. It threatens to supply poison gas to the demagogues always ready to gain applause through denunciation of the "wicked and unscrupulous Europeans." It jeopardizes greatly the chances of the administration enlarging its present timid and hesitating measure of international cooperation.

BUT why have we lost caste so suddenly and so completely? A paragraph is wholly inadequate even to summarize the major reasons. Certain factors, however, are unmistakeable:

1. The inevitable relapse from the unnatural and inflated idealism of the war.
2. The United States' insistence on its full rights under the peace settlement while refusing to assume any responsibility for its enforcement.
3. The American habit of fulsome self-praise and our almost as incurable habit of preaching at those whose customs differ from our own.
4. The grave and prolonged industrial dislocation in Britain, the series of fiscal crises in France, and the desperate struggles of Italy to maintain a relatively stable currency and balanced budget, are illustrative of the debtor countries' post-war difficulties which contrast so painfully with the creditor's overflowing prosperity.
5. Our government's rigid insistence on the refunding on the basis of "capacity to pay" of the allied obligations—debts which most of the debtors feel under no moral obligation to repay.

Obviously only one of these factors, the last, is readily subject to modification by governmental action, but even here there seems no likelihood of any change until France has ratified the settlement now pending before her Parliament. In the meantime, however, it is nothing short of folly to insist, as do most of the politicians of both parties, from the highest to the lowest, that the debt settlements are sacrosanct. They are not. They are nothing more than temporary bridges over which the politicians may ease themselves towards economically sounder and morally more justifiable arrangements.

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EDITORIALS

WHEN Louisa Lee Schuyler was a girl of twenty a picture of the loneliness and misery of the sick poor in the hospitals of New York city aroused her passionate sympathy. The family had been assembled for a Christmas party, but the festivities were interrupted when Miss Schuyler's grandmother fell and broke her arm. The famous surgeon, Dr. Willard Parker, was called from the city to Irvington-on-Hudson, and spent the night at the house. As they sat talking before the fire in the evening, he turned to the group and said: "I wish some of you ladies would visit those hospitals when you come to town," and told of his work with poor and friendless sick folk.

The vision of distress which he conjured up in a home where nothing was lacking never ceased to animate the young girl who was to become one of the founders of American philanthropy.

At twenty-three Miss Schuyler volunteered as a teacher in one of the schools of the Children's Aid Society, an almost unheard of step for a woman of her favored position. Then the Civil War came; for four years she threw herself into the work of the United States Sanitary Commission, precursor of the Red Cross; and for as many years more struggled to regain the health she had spent in that emergency. War over and health restored, she turned to her long-delayed plan of visiting the friendless in the hospitals, and from that beginning embarked in a personal study of the almshouses of the state. She determined to better their pitiable conditions and on May 11, 1872, she called together in her parents' home a group of public-spirited men and women to found the State Charities Aid Association. Two years later she founded the first training school for nurses in this country in conjunction with Bellevue Hospital. In 1908, a woman of seventy, she assembled the first committee of laymen and physicians in this country to consider the prevention of blindness, and later founded the Society for the Prevention of Blindness.

Before Mrs. Schuyler's long life closed three weeks ago, she had received repeated public acknowledgement of the wisdom and power of her social vision. In 1915 Columbia University conferred the degree of Doctor of Laws upon her, the second time in its history that this honor had been given to a woman. In 1923 the Roosevelt Memorial Association presented her with a gold medal, declaring that the "principles which she promulgated have become commonplaces of modern philanthropy." In that fact, rather than in the public expressions of appreciation, must have come much of the reward of her work. From that single training school for nurses started a movement which now enrolls a profession of a hundred thousand women; her efforts to better the conditions of the sick, the poor and the insane have been written into the statute books of the states; the profession of social work, with its specialized branches, bears witness to the integrity and the wisdom of the ideals on which she embarked almost single-handed.

IT is still too early to determine just what the general strike did to the British labor movement. It did something different and perhaps more serious in ultimate consequences than anything which has happened since the war. Not even Labor's brief and sudden assumption of governmental control effected so deep and fundamental a change in personalities, in leadership-forces, and in working-class psychology. The recent Trades Union Congress at Bournemouth revealed this much at least, but we shall need to wait much longer before we can be sure of either the depth or the direction of these manifestations.

In the meantime, it must be borne in mind that the general strike represented a distinct departure from British trade union traditions. Never before had so much power been vested in a single goup. The fact that the government for the first time conceived of a strike in terms of an alternative to its authority is sufficient to establish the historic importance of the event.

Trade union leaders, particularly these members of the General Council who bore the brunt during the strike, came to Bournemouth bearing the visible scars of a lost battle. Seasoned fighters they were, but this time they had been called upon to do battle with unfamiliar weapons; past experiences had provided them with no adequate patterns of behavior for such a task and consequently their defeat left them mystified. It is not surprising, therefore, to learn of dissension among them. Unhappily, the general strike was purposely omitted from the agenda of the Bournemouth congress; it was thought, and perhaps wisely, that a public discussion of the conduct of the general strike would jeopardize the miners' cause. But, the general strike was the one topic which delegates wanted to discuss. For the first time in its fifty-eight years of existence the Trades Union Council was obliged to suspend a session for want of order. Sooner or later the general strike, its meanings and implications, will be rationalized and brought into focus. In addition to discord and confusion, it has induced a mood of reflection in the minds of British workers. To judge by the past of the British labor movement this mood will persist until it once more takes up its creative mission in the life of the British commonwealth.

British fraternal delegates to the American Federation of Labor at Detroit discussed the general strike in terms that came as a surprise to many. They declared that the

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general strike had been a "victory, though not undiluted, because it showed us how to fight better next time." George Hicks, a member of the General Council of the British Trade Union Congress, predicted that "general strikes of a more intense and formidable character than the one recently experienced are inevitable and both sides in England are preparing for the coming struggle." Fred J. Bromley, member of Parliament, and secretary of the Associated Society of Locomotive Engineers and Firemen, soberly endorsed this statement. The lockout and strike of the million coal miners of Great Britain drags through its seventh month. If they are driven back to the pits by starvation will they be tempted to abandon their traditional British patience in favor of revolutionary tactics?

MEN who live behind masks have a way of talking with the voices of masks. On October 4, the American Federation of Labor opened its forty-sixth annual convention in Detroit. For years it has been customary for clergymen in the convention cities to invite delegates to their pulpits. Last July, the secretary of the central branch of the Detroit Y.M.C.A., following this hospitable practice, invited President Green of the Federation to address his regular Sunday afternoon religious meeting. At the last moment, the invitation was withdrawn. A number of ministers who had invited trade union leaders to their pulpits similarly cancelled their invitations.

This strange action was attributed by Dr. Niebuhr, chairman of the Industrial Commission of the Detroit Council of Churches, to an organized drive by the local Building Trades Association against the proposed use of the churches, and to an open letter published in the Detroiter, organ of the Board of Commerce. "The citizens of Detroit," this letter began, "are keen in their appreciation of the freedom of speech, but they realize what this fundamental principle of our Republic implies through the discussion of both sides of any question, if the ministers of Detroit open their pulpits to men who are admittedly attacking our Government and our American plan of employment. . . ."

There spoke the mask! These patriotic employers wanted the trade union leaders barred from the pulpits because they were enemies of the country—leaders of organizations that had sent 682,000 men to the war.

Later, C. B. Van Dusen, president of the Y.M.C.A., in an interview with newspaper men and in a letter to President Green, stated the facts. In the interview, as published in the New York Times, he said that "in view of the situation with regard to the Y.M.C.A. campaign and building program, we thought it would be indiscreet for us to have the program as tentatively arranged carried out. The money raising end of the campaign is over but the work of the campaign has not been completed." In his letter to President Green he explained that when the invitation was extended it was not realized that the A. F. of L. convention would be made the occasion for launching an organization drive upon the non-union automobile industry; "used in an attempt to establish the closed shop in the industries of this city." The A. F. of L. leaders made great capital of this admission of truth behind the mask.

Early in the convention, the courtesy of the platform was extended to Sherwood Eddy, secretary for Asia of the international Y.M.C.A. It was understood by Mr. Eddy that he was to speak on his recent visit to Russia, but was not to discuss American recognition of the Soviet government. Mr. Eddy kept his agreement. He stressed three evils he had found in Russia: severe abridgement of liberty, dogmatic material atheism professed by all members of the Communist Party, and the policy of the Third International for world revolution by violence. But he also found three things which he greatly admired: leaders of a nation of 140,000,000 people who put public service above private profit, the "most colossal" social experiment in history, and a nation ready to challenge the rest of the world whenever imperialism exploited the poor and helpless. Then, appealing to the convention, he asked: "Why don't you go to see for yourselves and learn if what I say is true? Why not do what every other nation has done and send a delegation to Russia to see what's there? Why run on secondhand propaganda, White and Red?"

Immediately Mr. Eddy was upbraided as a covert agent of the communists. Had they known what he intended to say, many delegates muttered, they would have had him barred from the platform. A vice-president of the Federation, "seething with resentment," shouted: "It makes no difference how ideal or how rotten conditions in Russia are—we do not have to go there to find out how the Russian communists are trying to destroy our form of government and, as a means to that end, wreck the American labor movement."

There spoke the mask. The stereotyped picture of Russia as the A. F. of L. sees it is like the stereotyped picture of the A. F. of L. as Detroit's Board of Commerce sees it.

TO a newspaper reader it must seem that Chicago is doubly cursed. Not only is the city the hunting ground of the gangs of gunmen, described by Frederic M. Thrasher in The Survey Midmonthly of October 15, but the jails and the police have proved of no protection to society if they have not indeed been actively lawless themselves. Therefore both as a piece of social statesmanship and of public policy the choice of the new superintendent of the Cook County jail comes opportunely. This position, as all others in the jail service, is by appointment of the sheriff. But following last summer's serious outbreaks at the Chicago jail, which included a bomb explosion in attempted jail delivery, Sheriff Peter M. Hoffman called in an impartial citizens' committee, at the suggestion of Judge John P. McGoorty of the Criminal Court of Chicago, to nominate an appointee whose qualifications and independence of political factions might be unquestioned. That committee, with Frank D. Loomis as chairman and Wilfred S. Reynolds as secretary, considered nearly eighty applications from all parts of the country. First the applicants with no major responsibility in jail administration were weeded out; then both written and oral examinations were given to the selected candidates; and the candidate with the highest score, Edward J. Fogarty, for fourteen years superintendent of the Indiana State Prison, was appointed.

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After Dull

A Miscellany

from People

"NOTHING in the intellectual history of the United States," wrote Carl Van Doren in the Survey Graphic for October, "matches the revolt against dullness." The beginnings of that revolt, in its present phase, he dates from Randolph Bourne and the years just before the war. The Survey asked a handful of men and women of Randolph Bourne's generation—now in their thirties—to ask themselves the question which naturally confronts us as a sequel to Mr. Van Doren's article. Granted that they are revolting against *uniformity, what are they revolting* for? *What positive social or individual values do they look to to replace those older values which seem to young rebels to be discredited? What comes* after *the "revolt against dullness?" Their answers follow. They are variously certain, uncertain, scattering, searching, contradictory, as thinking is like to be at an age when the smooth generalities of the college years have been upset or broken at the impact of experience. They come from a playwright and a lawyer, a poet or two and a group of editors, a philosopher and a couple of critics—not, perhaps, a representative sampling of an industrial era or for a journal ranging over activities in the fields of health, education and social work. But if Mr. Van Doren is right, this is a decade when we must look to the writers. And these fragments, keen edged, at tangents, are themselves evidence of the thrust of changes which will modify and mold our contending social philosophies in the twenty-five years ahead.*

Hunger

By BEULAH AMIDON

MY grandfather was a circuit rider who felt himself "called" to carry the gospel according to the Methodist dispensation to the scattered pioneers of western New York. Poverty, cold, hunger, a dirt-floored cabin in a forest clearing, no books, no intellectual companionship, misunderstanding, sickness, isolation were the price he paid for his ministry. And in their serene old age my grandparents felt that their lives had been "abundantly blessed." They had "worked in the harvest fields of the Lord."

My father chose to serve as an underpaid, overworked public servant "for the general good" rather than use his talents "for purely selfish ends." He says, "I have shared in the best things that have happened in my life time." He has had a part, often a leading one, in numerous large, organized attempts at political housecleaning and "enlightened legislation." Instead of a Christian missionary, he has been a fearless and untiring liberal.

My grandfather's formula, his heaven and his hell and his "fellowship with God" is almost unintelligible to me. The war challenged my father's formula. Salvation through political action now seems as dubious as salvation through the Blood of the Lamb.

If anyone had asked my grandfather in his early thirties, "John, what do you want in this life?" he would have had no hesitation in answering, "To preach Christ and Him crucified." To the same question I am sure my father would have replied, "To serve my fellow man." But when I am asked, "What do you want in life?" I have no such clear and direct reply to make.

Perhaps we blame too much on the war and yet for many of my generation I am sure it is a sharp dividing line between some sort of faith and a vast uncertainty. No value emerged unshaken from war and "deflation"—no value, that is, except the terrible importance of not missing life. Those years made a lot of us aware of the necessity for living, for rejecting "the life that passeth as a dream." Pain and defeat became acutely preferable to smooth and uneventful contentment, however secure. One must live—at absolutely any price.

That implies, among other things, economic independence, lots of congenial work, physical health, a reasonably satisfactory sex life, diverse human contacts. It imposes the most rigid kind of discipline—not easy compliance with rules set up by somebody else but strict self-discipline. I do not think there is any other way to be free and eager and resilient and unafraid. It seems to me enormously rewarding, in however slight a degree one achieves it.

And yet—

To live for the sake of living insists on seeming to me an absurd performance. Youth and work and material success and adventure and marriage and vigor—physical, emotional, intellectual— are not enough for some kinds of restlessness. Parenthood often seems to be, especially to a maternal parent. But however absorbed one becomes, there are the "restless forties" among our friends to remind us that that job is almost breathlessly brief and that there is a lot of life to be got through somehow without it.

As I talk with my coevals, it seems to me that a good many of us are trying to formulate something that will fuse our individual lives, giving meaning and unity to each, something as vital and sufficient as religion was to my grandfather and liberalism to my father.

Most of the people I meet who graduated from college ten to fifteen years ago are do-

BEULAH AMIDON saw the
Non-Partisan League figh
in its prairie, plantation
now an associate editor

A. A. BERLE, JR. is a lawy
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under-secretary of the W
year he is also a lecturer

CARROLL BINDER, a Congr
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WALTON BINDER, with a
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nalism, a home and two

BABETTE DEUTSCH, once su
Causes for literature.
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the Nation Poetry Prize,
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ess—*What?*

Brief Answers

Their Thirties

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ing a job with fair competence, getting a good many of the satisfactions they demand, but they are unsatisfied.

There are a lot of us who find that just living, even when it is fairly complete, leaves one hungry. Perhaps some of us are vestigial remnants of the mauve nineties in which we were born, unable to achieve the self-sufficient individualism that is supposed to characterize the oncoming generation. For many of us, there is a need to know the totality of individual experience as part of something bigger and more continuous than one's brief past, one's shifting present, one's uncertain future.

I, for one, want, emotionally, a general philosophy that I can accept intellectually—a concept of existence commensurate with the difficulty of life and its loveliness.

Beauty

A. A. BERLE, JR.

AMERICA is beyond doubt headed toward revolution; not political, nor economic; not Jacobin nor Communist. If I am not mistaken, the force pushing toward expression is esthetic.

Content—beauty, of surroundings, of human relationships, of thought, of emotion, of the whole texture and pattern of life—these seem to be the demands of the entrant generation. It was a maxim of my father's that a man could make of his mind a warehouse, a palace, or a temple. Desire toward palace and temple has come like a great wind. It is thwarted by weight of mass and regimentation. Hence the unrest. Saints may be in subways; Pan may live in a flat; but if so, subway traffic will surely be disturbed and the tenement is certain to experience strange disquiet.

Beauty, in the large sense, is dynamic beyond conception. Mere quest of it has led those of our generation whom Mr. Van Doren is pleased to call rebels, toward extremes in liberation of personality, with attendant smashing of traditional barriers. The objectives are undefined; but desire for change always precedes programs. The very language of the esthetic revolution has yet to be developed; certainly its format of life is not yet envisaged. Of necessity also the manifestations are strangely disordered, for the rebels have yet to realize the singularly binding quality of esthetic rules. The artist knows that rules of symmetry and proportion are mathematic in rigidity; we have yet to realize that beauty in life must abide by similar laws.

In harsher aspect, we must reckon upon a certain amount of inevitable pain, and perhaps on a ridiculous side. Patterns of family life, of community organization, fashions of convention, may go by the board, as unsaid things are voiced, and desires, heretofore repressed, are indulged. I, for one, as an innate conservative attached to an older art of living, expect to be shocked and grieved, for I cannot hope that the Puritan New England ideas to which I hold will not suffer. I cannot feel that there will be malice in the hurt.

Nor can I doubt that the new day will be a fairer one. Already it becomes evident that material success is no passport to the country's esteem. Wealth is too common. But a man like President Eliot achieved undisputed primacy through sheer beauty and grace of life, with which was bound up—as it necessarily is—both strength and service. The regrouping is about artists, philosophers and scholars who develop, rather than forget, their essential glorious humanity; one thinks of Kuno Francke and Edward Channing, of Harvard; of Roger Baldwin and Charles Steinmetz; of William Allen White, of Jane Addams and Amy Lowell.

I have a faith in the progress being made by this generation toward this dimly visualized ideal, not unlike a Puritan's faith in God.

Education

By CARROLL AND DOROTHY BINDER

"THE revolt against dullness" is by no means confined to New York or the Atlantic coast. Here in the Middle West one finds a not inconsiderable company determined to live what the philosophers call the larger life and even more determined that machine civilization shall not dwarf the lives of their children.

The middle western attitude, however, is one of rescuing brands from the burning after the fashion of John Bunyan rather than crusading to save mankind from uniformity. On the whole our neighbors seem very well satisfied with the standardized cars, radio sets, collars, poetry, movies and toilet articles which have come into their lives as the result of the machine age and instalment buying—its fine flowering.

Ten years ago we should not have been daunted by this seeming satisfaction but should have entered the lists to give them something better and make them like it. And we should never have doubted the inevitability of success in our crusade.

Perhaps it is the failure of those other

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crusades of undergraduate days. Perhaps it is isolation from the charmed circles of believers. Perhaps it is because we have entered the thirties. Whatever the cause we find ourselves thinking less in terms of movements and believing less in the possibility of large scale regeneration. We pin our hopes on the individual and tend to confine our emancipating to ourselves, our children and our friends.

We feel only the feeblest of impulses to stand before the machine-age steam roller in a (to us) futile effort to halt its inevitable leveling process. Accepting the leisure and the comforts incident to mechanical progress, we demand recognition for the right of those who so desire to live and think according to their own lights and independently of standardized tastes and customs.

Energy that formerly went to promulgation of the familiar social philosophies now is expended in efforts to understand and apply newer thought and discoveries in nutrition, education, psychology and other fields of knowledge to our daily lives. We are trying to rear our children so soundly that they will never need the serums, tonics and surgery which seem to be indispensable to survival in the machine-age.

Beginning with the cradle, we are trying to develop those sides of the physical, mental and social life of our children which the machine age will ignore or resist. We hope to get such a good start that the age will be unable to quench the fires lighted. The experimental school is our cooperative effort in this direction and our old passion to redeem our neighbors prompts us to try to enrich the curriculum of the public school system. We meet with opposition from the standardizers, of course, and we concede that we will not soon win recognition for our theories. Meantime we form our own groups to assure free development for our children and bestir ourselves to provide in our homes what neither the experimental nor the public school can give.

Whatever our despair about movements, we cling to one cause with fervent hope that it will triumph. It is the effort to spare our children and their children from the purgatory into which we were plunged. If that hope is frustrated we shall want to beg our children's pardon for so rearing them that they will feel the scourge more acutely than will perhaps be the case with the children of the conformists. It is a risky business, this cultivation of the human spirit, but we mean to make the most of it—and pray that the future will not rise to curse us.

Skepticism

By Babette Deutsch

IF our rebellion against conformity (a rebellion initiated by Cain when he slew his model brother) and against machine-made standardization is mere impatience with the world as we find it, there is no hope for us. Unless we are interested in getting blue-prints for the building of a better house, we should hold our peace about the inconveniences and ugliness of the one we happen to live in. Speculation concerning the social order, if I may paraphrase a remark of Arthur Symons, is the dung that lies about the roots of action. Let us, by all means, look before and after, but let us do something more than pine for what is not. Nonconformity desired for its own sake is merely another pattern to be broken. Surely we have gone beyond that stage of adolescent yearning.

For myself, I observe that in my late 'teens and early twenties I had an uncompromising faith in freedom—freedom in the relaxation between the sexes, freedom in their educational progress, for oppressed nations, for enslaved workers. This devotion to the principle of liberty was companioned, curiously, by a belief in economic determinism and by a faint hope in the uses of eugenics. I worked to get the vote, and when I had it I voted the Socialist ticket, and I expected a new and nobler social order to be born of an eventual revolution.

Now I am entering upon my thirties inhibited by skepticism and inclined to water my statements with "perhapses" and "possiblies." Perhaps my years are to blame for this, or possibly the war to end war and the peace to end peace. Whatever the cause, I have come to feel that specific remedies may be more efficacious than panaceas in a world which contains such various phenomena as the mind of Einstein, the Scopes trial, the canvases of Picasso, dinosaurs' eggs, the British general strike, and the religionists who idolize such different saviors as Krishnamurti, Lenin, and Freud.

I have found no new values to cling to, and I have lost, among other things, my belief in economic determinism and my cocksureness about the perfectibility of mankind, but, after all, the general trend of my sympathies has not altered. When Mr. Keynes finds a process of automatic socialization taking place in England, I am glad of it. When even respectable citizens begin to doubt the wisdom of the doctrine of each for himself and God help us all, I am glad of it. I welcome the Russian experiment, because it is fundamentally an attempt to build a society on the principles of justice and reason. On the same score, I welcome the growth of industrial unionism, farmers' cooperatives, regional planning, birth control, and other movements begotten by a communal and rational ethic. Such an ideal would allow us to use without danger the enormous powers which science has put, and should be further encouraged to put, at our disposal.

Battle

By Michael Gold

IF all that the younger generation thinks it rebels against is dullness, then I say the younger generation, so-called, is duller than its grandfathers, who were Thoreau, Whitman, Emerson, Hawthorne.

Those men definitely revolted against the system of commercialization. They had social ideals. The abolition of Negro slavery was only one phase of their struggle. If someone had told them that only dullness was their enemy, they would have smiled at such childishness. They wanted a new socialized world. Our young intellectuals of today confine their demands to more cabarets and more Menckenian smartness in Congress, class-room and newspaper. And no more Prohibition.

A smart-aleck "sophisticated," America. What a paltry ideal. What a dull and narrow ideal. As if kings and tyrants and Neroes and Mussolinis were also not in revolt against dullness. Van Doren has condemned a generation more wisely and bitterly than (*Continued on page* 181)

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The Commentators — *Etching by William Auerbach-Levy*

Fall Book Section

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Reviewers from Olympus

By LEON WHIPPLE

THE reviewer of books must be a pachyderm. Otherwise he will go down both bloody and bowed under the tirade of abuse it is now the fashion to pour upon him. For months he has been the *pièce de résistance* of a Roman holiday of name-calling in which the gentlest epithets have been ignoramus, log-roller, defiler of the wells of English, and journalist. He is getting an inferiority complex so benumbing that one anonymous soul has lately been driven in the New Republic to unburden his conscience of sin. He revealed his deep sense of shame because he makes his living reviewing books, yet his real knowledge of them hardly extends back of 1900, and his acquaintance with the classics is often by name only. An ungentle lady in The Atlantic last summer proved by page and line that lots of our reviewers cannot judge style because they have none themselves and are rather shy on grammar. Doubtless all this blood-letting will prove healthful. Meanwhile we have a rather set impression that our ephemeral reviewing is just about as good as our ephemeral books. Both are amusing and that's all they are meant to be.

In all this welter no one has broken a lance for or against the reviewer of serious books in serious places. Yet the appraisal and interpretation of social books is rather more important than even the smartest comment on best-selling novels and sensational reminiscences. How are we faring in this field? Here are questions to ponder: Who writes the serious reviews, and how? Who reads them—if anybody? Are they honest and informed? Are they prejudiced and back-scratching? Are they well or ill written? Do they, in short, help people to know the books of value about society each year, and to understand them and profit by them in thinking and in practical deeds?

The main answer is brief: more people are reading books of ideas today than ever in our history and certainly the excellence of the reviewing has had a large share in making ideas popular. In that gorgeous procession from Wells' Outline of History to Will Durant's Story of Philosophy the serious reviewers of The Nation and The New Republic, of The Yale Review, of The New York Times and The Boston Transcript, and of the technical journals have carried high their torches and led the dancing in the street. John Dewey and Charles Beard and Henry Canby and Carl Van Doren and the late Stuart Sherman and a cloud of lesser witnesses have guided the public with an enthusiasm and honesty that must silence the critics of our critics.

Let us examine the charges against the professional reviewer and see whether they will stand against his colleague, the occasional expert. I find six main indictments: The reviewers are ignorant. They log-roll for each other and certain cliques. They cannot judge good English for they cannot write good English. They do hasty and slap-dash work without reading the books carefully or pondering their contents. They have no standards or perspective (since they are ignorant) and so deal in all sorts of extravagant praise. They write too much and too often on too many varied themes and so their product runs to a watery gruel.

Now with respect to the occasional serious reviewer, three of these charges can be quashed at once. They are not ignorant, but expert in the fields they enter. They know rather too much, and sometimes drown the lay reader in their flood of learning. Second, being full men of their sort, they have standards and perspective, and if anything are over chary of praise. Rash endorsement will hurt their own reputations and so their tone is generally moderate. Third, they do not write too much, for their writing is an avocation in which they practise themselves only now and then when their own kind of book appears. They are even finicky about doing a book they are not interested in. Reviewing a book is not a routine job but an adventure to which they

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come with an edge to their wits and appetites.

Of the three other charges, one must stand. The English of the serious reviewer is often dismaying. He offers no style or rhythm or color but contents himself with a pedestrian exposition in wooden and academic phrasing. Oblivious of discourtesy, he reverts to the barbarous and technical jargon of his profession and so sacrifices not only charm but often clearness. His very processes of thought have a kind of intricate obscurantism that leaves the layman gasping. This is the price we pay for the expert whose expertness is not in English style. These gentlemen in general make no pretense of being professional writers, but often with agony of soul expose their inadequate equipment for writing just for the sake of getting an idea or a view-point into the open. The reflection is not upon them but upon our education or our system of specialization that leaves a learned man without the verbal resources sweetly to impart his learning. Of course not all are thus tongue-tied and daily we find more who can write with clarity and interest, so on this point we may be of good hope.

There is some truth in the charge of hasty and ill-digested work even in serious reviewing. The scholar finds himself in a space and time world that leaves him dizzy. He is given mayhap one thousand words (about a newspaper column) in which to explain and judge a book of one hundred thousand words. He cannot possibly write a full criticism and appraisal; therefore both he and the author suffer an injustice. The scant space is due to two paradoxical causes. There are so many books each year that if we are to treat any appreciable part of them we must curtail the treatment of all. And on the other hand, out of the annual flood a scant few deserve more than a column. Thus limited, the reviewer does various tricks. He writes on only one aspect of his theme; or he tries to give a synopsis and achieves atrocious dullness; or he wanders into generalizing judgments on the book without ever giving the reader an idea of its contents or style. Sometimes he dodges the whole issue in a spring-board review—which, with the books as a text, is the reviewer's own little essay on something else. For example: "John Galt's book on Aboriginal Psychology reminds me that the Quantum Theory is supernal bunk. I have proven that the Quantum Theory contains no quanta and is not a theory . . ." ad lib. Finally, opposed to the Scylla of incompleteness is the Charybdis of the reader's refusal to peruse length—and that's that.

The mad haste is due to the urgency of both editor and book publisher for timely reviews. The book may have taken a year, a decade, or a lifetime to think and write, but the reviewer is given margin to read it once and turn out a thousand words next Saturday by lunch-time. Even the most top-loftical periodicals have an odd journalistic eagerness to keep their reviews within the year of publication. They do not always want to be fighting for the lost causes—or the dead books. Behind them is the urgency of the publisher, who knows that the success of most volumes depends on the month or six weeks after publication. The reviews that appear then are as pure gold for (if they are favorable) they stir up public interest, a vogue may be created, and the sales go off with a rush. Select phrases in a review can be wrenched from their context and put on the public hoardings.

So the reviewer who sits up nights to get his verdict registered the first week may be rewarded by seeing his name signed to advertising matter that flies broad-cast over the whole land. He gets his own little lagniappe of publicity. But the sage who ponders the book for six months and then sweats over the writing of a charming and just critique finds that nobody pays any attention to him when his words appear. "The advertising appropriation," which for serious books is small and remarkably short-lived, has long since been exhausted, so his name gets on no hoardings, not even on a quarter-page in his own periodical. The publisher is all excited over another great book; and the author, instead of being grateful, is wondering why in Sam Hill you didn't print that when it might have done some good.

This demand for speed in reviewing is the outgrowth of a system, and not an inherent necessity. For we still believe that for serious books of real import there is a worthwhile audience willing to wait in patience and then read a review based on painstaking thought. The present journalistic method means a rush of books and a rush of reviews to the public head.

This getting of timely reviews is not without its humors. The Book Editor gets a volume say on September Tenth. His Sherlockian scrutiny reveals this is in his field and de-

Woodcut by J. J. Lankes, from Homes of the Freed by Rossa B. Cooley (New Republic Press) reviewed on page 172. Chapters from this epic of the three generations that have bridged the gap from the plantation cabins to the community school first appeared in the Survey Graphic. The introduction is by Dr. James H. Dillard—the Benjamin Franklin of the rural South

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mands an expert. If he can have the copy ready for Saint Vitus, the printer, by October First, the review will appear in late October, or "well, early November, anyhow." Into his head pops the name of Dr. Perfection and off scuttles a letter to this Number One reviewer. In a week comes a letter from "the Secretary of Dr. Perfection" regretting that the amiable gentleman is on a Committee in Geneva. Ideal reviewers are as restless as fleas—always at Geneva, or Tokio, or on the high seas. Head-scratching brings up the name of Ideal No. Two. The letter goes to him, special delivery. And the reply comes by slow freight that Number Two has written one review already and promised two more, and he fears he will be a bit stale on the book. There are never ideal reviewers enough to go round, so the book editor who gets there first, or can offer most prestige (or, whisper it, the largest honorarium, if any) most often wins his ideal.

The Book Editor, slightly frantic, suggests to his boss the name of A I. The boss rages: "Why, don't you know A I belongs to *the other school?* He'd lambaste that book to smithereens and we must give our readers a fair view of this field." The book-fellow hadn't even known where "this field" was located, much less that it is parcelled out among clans like a Kentucky feud. By night he drops from the telephone with the good news that "There's a young chap out at the University of Nor' Nor' West California who made a speech on that at the last meeting of the Association who might do a good thing. But I don't know whether he *can write!*" Italics by the communicant. Well, the literacy figures for California look good, and as that solemn volume now peers down from the Book Shelf like one of Maeterlinck's children waiting to be born, Young Chap gets a night letter, replies collect, and the book goes to him by air mail. Then—if the tale has a happy ending—on the morning of October First comes a pointed, scholarly and pungent review that proves Young Chap can write like a Ouija board. You change a few words, to prove you are an editor, and the Sage Foundation Library lists that review as the best printed on said volume. For happily sometimes the dark horse does better stuff than the old stager. Not every perfection or ideal can live up to its press agentry.

So much for time and space. Now for the Ego. There's not much crude selfishness among the serious reviewers, though perhaps some are a bit eager to prove their scholarship by getting ceaselessly in print. There's certainly little log-rolling or back-scratching for persons. But—for creeds and programs and ideas, "yes, yes," as the Dutch say in the Catskills. The expert is likely to have a thesis of his own, even a gorgeous hate. He proves disputatious to a degree. Of course there are the tender-minded who think that any author who has honestly labored and brought forth the most mouse-like book deserves credit. Such go out of their way to say nice things and find something to praise. They'll like the pictures or binding or even the bibliography if they can't like anything else. But there are more of the tough-minded who take any book as a challenge. They do not remember that *critic* in Greek means judge and not executioner. These stout souls may approve of the author and even his book, but they will surely discover one chapter at least to demolish with a barrage of facts and sarcasm. If they belong to an opposing school, they become devastating. Doubtless this is a service to truth as any honest gladiatorial exercise must be, but it is not always helpful to the possible reader who wants a fair picture of the book and not a debate of technicians. Yet both the praise and the blame are due to an altruistic zeal for ideas, and not to any mean design to boost or debase the personal fortunes of a friend or foe.

But even the tough reviewers refuse to fulfill one function of vast usefulness. They will not write short reviews of poor books to kill them off gently and open up the crowded field for the meritorious. They may attack an idea but they will not damn a futile and inane effort. The poorer the book the less they want to have to do with it. They preserve a humane silence and so the world is cluttered with silly books. We advocate more literary euthanasia.

For it seems to me serious reviewing might undertake these four things:

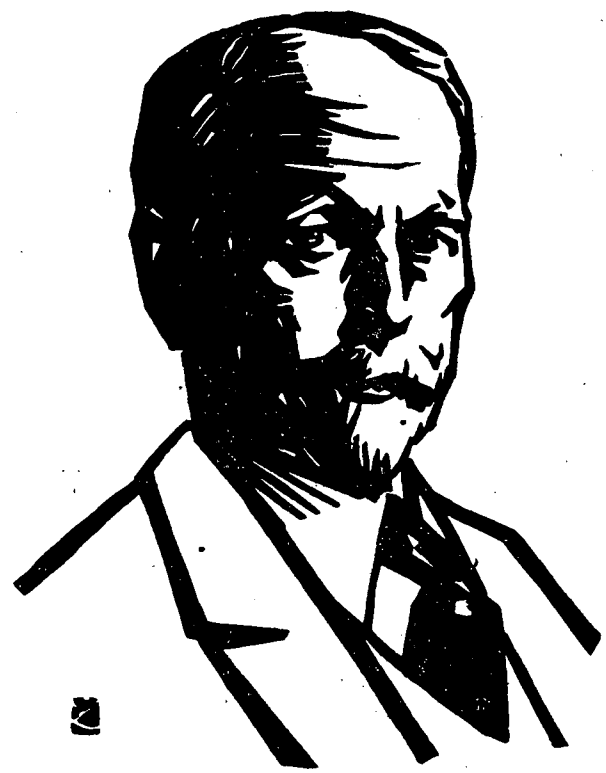
To steer people away from poor books.

To inspire them to read good books.

To save us from reading partly good books by digesting them so we can save our time yet profit by the main facts or truth.

To give us the data in doubtful cases so that we can choose for ourselves whether to read or not to read.

On the whole we think these last three aims are being admirably pursued by our serious reviewers. We have no Dr. Johnson, no Macaulay, no James Russell Lowell, but we have an increasing reserve of able and honest men who read books, think hard on them, and write entertainingly of their thoughts. Some of them are still stodgy and dry-as-dust, but more each day are learning that the end of writing is to be read, and that a book review is not a private parade of views or vanity, but the introduction of an author to a reader and should be done with such kindness and dignity and charm that the author gets his due and the reader sound guidance in choosing his printed friends.



Woodcut by Zadig

Joseph Collins, M.D.,
author of The Doctor Looks at Love and Life (Doran)
Reviewed on Page 162

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Ground Swells in Fiction

By V. F. CALVERTON

THE spirit of our new age is kodaked in our literature. Our fall publications, for instance, reveal with naked clarity and candour the changing, chaotic life of the century. The trend in morals is precisely portrayed. The evolution of racial type in fiction is marked by the enchanting innovation of the Negro as protagonist and hero. The direction of economic classes is illuminatingly reflected in the criss-cross of character portrayal and the clash of social situation.

When Joseph Addison in the eighteenth century wrote in The Spectator against Naked Bosoms: "This much I thought fit to premise before I resume the subject which I have already handled, I mean the naked bosoms of our British ladies. I hope they will not take it ill of me, if I still beg that they be covered"—and Samuel Johnson during the same era defined love as "lewdness" and declared his purpose in writing to be that of promoting "the increase of virtue rather than of learning," they were expressing the morality of a different society and a different age from the one that finds expression in the reflections of H. G. Wells in his latest novel, The World of William Clissold. Our age of knickers, jazz, and flappers, deriving its social inspiration from the confusion of a post-bellum world and the decadence of an economic class, marks the breakdown of an old morality and the incursion of a new.

The World of William Clissold, with its consideration of sex and social life, gives form to this new morality. The words of Johnson: "A woman without religion is without the only motive that in general can incite her to do well," were descriptive of that period when bourgeois morality was approaching its apex. It was a day when monogamous marriage was an unquestioned institution. Feminine chastity was viewed as priceless possession. In the nineteenth century the viceless Victorians had translated this attitude into inexorable doctrine, and so educated its women in "the innocence of ignorance" that life had become a gesture of escape instead of recognition. When Meredith, not many years ago, suggested ten-year marriages instead of life-long ones, his readers and contemporaries were seized with mental convulsion and apoplexy. Yet H. G. Wells, who is far more candid than George Meredith, far more perspicacious and far more revolutionary in his attitude, does not startle or volcanically disturb his audience. It is a new age for which he writes. With the decadence of the morality of the bourgeoisie, he had freed himself from the restraints, repressions, and rigidities of its ethic. In fashion that is neither timid nor brazen, he maintains, or at least his autobiographical hero does, that "all the energy of life is sublimated from the sexual energy," and certainly not in the manner of a sinner declares that he has been "the happy lover of a number of charming and interesting women," the author of a multitude "of intrigues that often overlapped and sometimes went on simultaneously two or even three together."

If Samuel Johnson had indulged in such sins, at least he would have hushed them into a silent nook of his brain and contritely regretted them. William Clissold, on the other hand, assures his readers that he is "a rake unrepentant and unashamed." In another part of this autobiographical novel, Mr. Wells attacks marriage, and notes how "'few of us realize how rapidly family life, home life in little groups of parents and young, fades out of modern existence."

In many other ways The World of William Clissold adumbrates the great social changes that have overtaken our civilization. The decline of ritualistic religion is significantly noted. "The religious teachings of the past," Mr. Wells observes, "take on . . . a juvenile and incomplete air." The disease of patriotism is exposed. The decline if not disappearance of *laissez-faire* economics, a result of our centralizing and trustifying social system, and the necessity of a new cooperative society, find vivid expression in William Clissold's conception of the metamorphosis of man and the inauguration of a World Directorate. The individualism that dominated the last two centuries is attacked as catastrophically anachronistic. The demand for a new social order has become importunate. Only in a new social order inspired by generous emotion and guided by scientific intelligence, does Mr. Wells see the possibility of a felicitous future. The competitive system which our fathers lauded must perish. Social cooperation must prevail. "In the service and salvation of the species lies the salvation of the individuals," writes the ruminating Clissold in describing the direction of human progress.

The World of William Clissold, in brief, illuminates a cross-section of contemporary civilization. It is a reflex of our age. It is modern in that it denounces the old and heralds the new. A new morality, a new religion, a new economics, all are captured in its revolutionary motif.

IN Nigger Heaven and Tropic Death, the Negro is seized upon for serious and sympathetic portrayal. The fact that one of these books, Nigger Heaven, is written by a white man, and the other, Tropic Death, is written by a Negro, is significant. The Negro has become an active force in contemporary America. The great change that has taken place in the psychology of the Negro is a thing without parallel in our history. Until recent years the life of the Negro has been checkered with disaster and despair. With the World War, the advance of industrialism and the spread of education, however, a new Negro has sprung into creation. The passivity and docility of the old Negro have been translated into intellectual aggressiveness and resistance. From the psychology of this modern Negro, a new literature has come stumblingly into being. The slave motifs, the simple scenes of submissiveness and religiosity, are gradually being discarded for the newer styles and the new motivations.

Eric Walrond's Tropic Death is a contribution of this new Negro. In this group of atmospheric stories laid in the sun-scorched clime of the Caribbean, the appeal is neither racial nor romantic. The prose is fresh and rhythmic,

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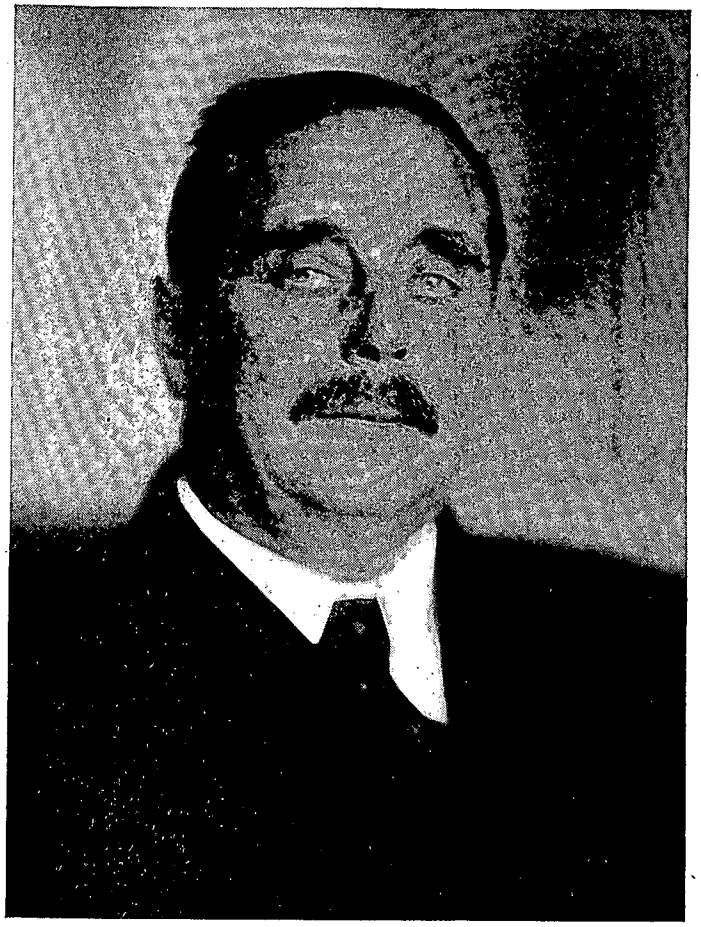

H. G. Wells, author of The World of William Clissold (Doran)

opulent to excess. There is no sentimental exaltation of the Negro. Whites and blacks are not pitted against each other, with aim of propaganda. Characterizations are not executed with prejudice and passion. Lives grow out of their environment, beautiful or base as the breath of soil or sea may make them. No class or race fatalism determines their destiny. Yet the stories are not exquisite art. They are diffuse in narration, tardy in climax, and ofttimes tedious in conclusion. Despite the freshness of the prose, its movement is delayed by detail that is superfluous and encumbered by filigree that is futile. It is the social importance of the stories that should be stressed, their expression of the new Negro art, their embodiment of a new outlook on the part of a submerged race.

In the process of literary evolution social classes and racial groups have experienced both distinction and extinction. The aristocracy once extolled is now neglected. The bourgeoisie once ridiculed later became eulogized. The proletariat once exploited as the "meaner sort" and excluded from literature except as material for satire, is today sentimentalized and paraded.

As a consequence of the economic rise of the Negro and the diffusion of his culture, a new attitude has grown up toward him in literature. In the nineteenth century the Negro was used in literature either to exemplify the virtues of politeness and docility or the vices of primitivism and promiscuity. The maudlin melodrama of Uncle Tom's Cabin was representative of one phase of the reaction; the farcial tales of Octavius Roy Cohen of another. In brief, the Negro was treated in literature as an inferior.

Nigger Heaven is important because it reflects the change of social attitude in fiction. Tropic Death is by a Negro, and is, therefore, part of the Negro movement. Nigger Heaven is by a white man, and, therefore, is without the gamut of racial propaganda. As in Clement Wood's Nigger and in Waldo Frank's Holiday, the Negro in Nigger Heaven is featured. To center the Negro in drama or novel in this fashion two decades ago would have been literary sacrilege. The Negro was always good as an accessory character, a source of wit and satire, a saccharine contrast, but as a protagonist of human and heroic proportions he was never conceived. Stories like those in Thomas Nelson Page's In Ole Virginia, in which the Negro played the part of the faithful slave or the merry minstrel, were the rule and not the exception. Nigger Heaven is a story of Negro life done without excuse or explanation. The Negro in the novel is an intense creation. There is none of that Goldsmithian apology for "the lives of the mean [which] by no means affect us so strongly as the calamities of the great," but, on the contrary, an interpretation of Negro life in terms of a realism that is unscarred by racial prejudice or social supremacy. The cabaret life of the Negro in Nigger Heaven in fact is described with verve and vigor, caught up in the swing of a rapid prose that is at once picturesque and passionate. The cry of Byron Kasson, the hero of the novel, voices an attitude that is both challenge and threat.

It must be added, nevertheless, that Nigger Heaven is in essence a novel of the New York Negro. While its social approach is sympathetic, it but touches upon a few of the many phases of Negro life. The economic struggle of the Negro, evidenced in the unavailing attempts of Byron to locate a position commensurate with his capacity, is but one aspect of the difficulty. In the labor movement itself the position of the Negro is even more distressful. Segregation and discrimination in the unions are among the most handicapping manifestations of race-prejudice in the economic situation. Of these things Nigger Heaven does not treat—yet of these things Nigger Hells are made.

IN Jim Tully's novel Jarnegan, and Ruth Suckow's Iowa Interiors, and E. M. Roberts' The Time of Man, the Negro is omitted, but the white proletarian and peasant are not. When Goldsmith, Burns, Clare, Crabbe, Wordsworth and Elliott painted the peasant in poetic fashion, it was before the days when the smoke of factories had darkened the face of the western world with misery and madness. The proletariat was still asleep in homes that soon were to be startled into life by the machinery of the new age. Ruth Suckow's peasantry is the product of these late generations of struggle and survival. The drabness of its life is emphasized. Its tragedies are simple, homely, stark realities. Its characters are but living extensions of its environment. The emptiness of their life is but an expression of their milieu. In The Time of Man, however, which is one of the best works of fiction in recent American literature, this same tragedy of rustic life is given an even more penetrating portrayal. Elizabeth Madox Roberts has poetized her material without weakening or diffusing its realism. Her Ellen and Jonas and Jasper are the embodiment of that pathetic futility of endeavor, that wide, sweeping ignorance and suffering, which characterize the life of the peasantry in almost every part of the world. In Jarnegan it is not the peasant but the proletarian that is depicted.

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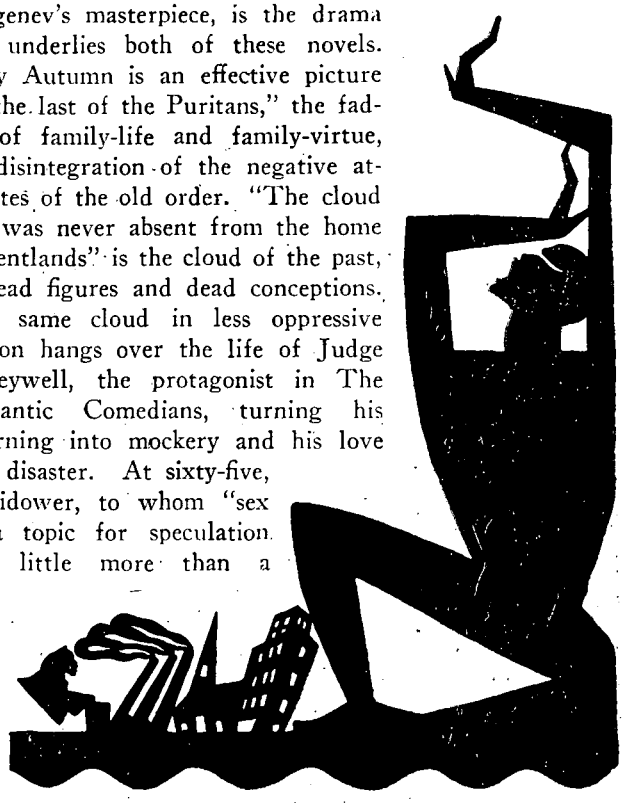
Jarnegan is a bill-poster with pugilistic genius. Prison-experience for killing Japper, a scab, and fortuitous turns of fortune with fakir and harlot, lead him to Hollywood and success as a movie-director. Melodramatic in detail and denouement, the novel, nevertheless, has social value in reflecting a sympathetic attitude toward labor. The cause of labor is defended throughout the book. The murder of a scab is interpreted as a gesture of cleanliness and solidarity. Jarnegan's lawyer, in defending his client's murder, declares: "Those among you, gentlemen, who, like myself, have labored in the mines and mills—know how dear that cause is. . . . It ain't murder to kill a scab, anyhow. . . ." In another place, reflecting the attitude of labor, Jarnegan exclaims: "They're a Union gang with Ringling's, and they'll feed the guy that killed Japper, by God. . . . I can hold my head up anyhow when I meet my own kind—that's worth something." And in another place he declares: "He had never for a moment felt sorry for Japper. Into his mind always came the thought—born of a psychology learned as a child—'It served him right—he was a scab.' Members of the I. W. W. and trade unions found in him a friend. They were striking for something. It was the rebellion in his own soul that he loved in them."

Side by side with the labor motif, which had also gained more subdued expression in The World of William Clissold, is the same freedom of attitude toward sex that we discovered in the latter novel. Jarnegan's point of view is less philosophic than that of Clissold, but is not less free and fearless. In a moment of lucid confession Jarnegan asserts: "A girl that's pretty wasn't made to write. What a fake the whole business is—you eat your heart out for a dame and you get her and you're sick of her in a week. Once the fort surrenders, it isn't the fort you wanted. . . ." Throughout the novel, Jarnegan is a Clissold, only with a less subtle philosophic temper.

The decadence of the family, which The World of William Clissold attests and which in individual reaction Jarnegan illustrates, may be detected, in diluted form, in Dorothy Canfield's Her Son's Wife and Rose Macaulay's Crewe Train. The unhappy marital life in the novels, in the one instance of Ralph and the other of Denham, is due to conditions that are inevitable in the present relationship of husband and wife. In The Ninth Wave a pleasantly phrased but undynamic novel, Carl Van Doren pictures a more beatific state of marital existence. Mr. Van Doren's novel, enticing in segments, is removed from reality by a kind of romantic placidity of expression. In Tampico, however, Mr. Hergesheimer plunges into Mexico, embroils his hero in tropical intrigue and duplicity, intrudes a dancing girl, inserts a murder, and all in all concocts a clever if inconsequential story of the "insatiable tropics." Hergesheimer's excursion into a melodrama of love and oil, however, is a least more tensely contemporaneous than Fritz Mauthner's Mrs. Socrates, a delightful satire on the old philosopher and a defense of the misunderstood Xantippe, reviving a theme that is almost as ancient as antique myth and magic. Yet the Mrs. Socrates he delineates, the Socrates, Alcibiades and Aspasia, are as vivid and vital as the Modern Hamlet.

In Louis Bromfield's Early Autumn and Ellen Glasgow's The Romantic Comedians, the growth of the new morality, so striking a development in The World of William Clissold, is reflected in the conflict of the old generation with the new. The struggle of fathers and children, the motif of Turgenev's masterpiece, is the drama that underlies both of these novels. Early Autumn is an effective picture of "the last of the Puritans," the fading of family-life and family-virtue, the disintegration of the negative attributes of the old order. "The cloud that was never absent from the home at Pentlands" is the cloud of the past, of dead figures and dead conceptions. This same cloud in less oppressive fashion hangs over the life of Judge Honeywell, the protagonist in The Romantic Comedians, turning his mourning into mockery and his love into disaster. At sixty-five, a widower, to whom "sex as a topic for speculation was little more than a virgin wilderness in his mind," Judge Honeywell, after marrying a coquettish girl of twenty-three, soon learns that he is living in an age "when you can be improper without having to go abroad." Again it is the story of age conquered by youth, the old superseded by the new.



Decoration by Aaron Douglas for Nigger Heaven by Carl Van Vechten (Knopf)

In summary, our fall literature is expressive of the spirit and tempo of our age. While Mrs. Socrates may breathe of an ancient origin, her temper and response are distinctly modern. William Clissold voices not the discontent, revolt and aspiration of an individual but the desire and mood of a growing group. Nigger Heaven and Tropic Death are the promise and not the fulfillment of a rich prophecy. Iowa Interiors and Jarnegan are the outgrowths of a social motif that has strengthened and clarified in the last nine years.

The ultimate significance of this fiction, in short, lies in the relationship of art to social life. Early Autumn and The Romantic Comedians reflect the decay of the family as a social form, the weakening of the old conventions and the disappearance of the old virtues.

THE WORLD OF WILLIAM CLISSOLD, *by H. G. Wells. Doran. 797 pp. Price $5.00 postpaid of The Survey.*
NIGGER HEAVEN, *by Carl Van Vechten. Knopf. 286 pp. Price $2.50 postpaid of The Survey.*
TROPIC DEATH, *by Eric Walrond. Boni & Liveright. 283 pp. Price $2.50 postpaid of The Survey.*
JARNEGAN, *by Jim Tully. A. & C. Boni. 265 pp. Price $2.00 postpaid of The Survey.*
IOWA INTERIORS, *by Ruth Suckow. Knopf. 283 pp. Price $2.50 postpaid of The Survey.*
HER SON'S WIFE, *by Dorothy Canfield. Harcourt Brace. 302 pp. Price $2.00 postpaid of The Survey.*
CREWE TRAIN, *by Rose Macaulay. Boni & Liveright. 319 pp. Price $2.00 postpaid of The Survey.*
THE NINTH WAVE, *by Carl Van Doren. Harcourt Brace. 226 pp. Price $2.00 postpaid of The Survey.*
TAMPICO, *by Joseph Hergesheimer. Knopf. 328 pp. Price $2.50 postpaid of The Survey.*
MRS. SOCRATES, *by Fritz Mauthner. International Publishers. 254 pp. Price $2.00 postpaid of The Survey.*
THE TIME OF MAN, *by Elizabeth Madox Roberts. Viking Press. 382 pp. Price $2.50 postpaid of The Survey.*
EARLY AUTUMN, *by Louis Bromfield. Stokes. 307 pp. Price $2.00 postpaid of The Survey.*
THE ROMANTIC COMEDIANS, *by Ellen Glasgow. Doubleday Page. 346 pp. Price $2.50.*

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Philosophy by a Physician

By HAVEN EMERSON, M.D.

THE picture, the medical experiences, the advice and plan for treatment and prevention of the many calamities of marriage that have their origin in male selfishness have rarely been more understandingly discussed than in Doctor Joseph Collin"s new book—and never with so gentle, yet firm a grasp. Rightly does this sure and courageous physician accuse the triad—religion as it is preached formally, and convention and expedience as they dominate common social practice, of guilt in causing the inadequacies and infirmities that we begin to recognize are sex borne.

His treatment of the subject of continence is admirable. While with other physicians he is keenly alive to the catastrophes which flow from protracted self-control (with no satisfaction except the saving of one's soul) yet he says, wisely and with true vision:

> There are conditions under which continence may contribute to efficiency (health) and happiness. Those conditions are that the individual should be proud of his creative possession and desires rather than ashamed of them; that the reward for keeping his jewels in their case should be not the promise of happiness in the dead, but in the quick—the knowledge that he can offer them whole to one who is worthy of them. This makes it worth while to be continent. Things that are worth while are never injurious.

No better philosophy of the social hygiene movement in the United States can be found that the insistence on the relation of sex to character, and upon the primary and inescapable duty of parents to be teachers of their own children in at least this subject. This and the absolute equality of women with men are the answers of Joseph Collins to the queries of the bride and to the saddened and discouraged mothers who seek an honest reason for the collision of their hopes with a reality they dare not admit.

One would prefer other titles than Sex Urge and Frigidity, and Incompatability for two chapters, but perhaps it is a necessity of the prescription. To one who can say as his conviction that sex is not only "the most natural thing in the world, but the most essential" it must be quite plain that if we are to hold tight to our precious posession of the family "it should be the most delightful and decent."

But why plague us with a chapter on the abnormal, Homosexuality, even though it be common, or pad the book with an extract from Kraft-Ebbing? This seems bad taste in the way of book-making and is a misfit for lay education. Surely throughout the volume we have had intolerance held up to us so often that we could have been spared the added appeal to our sympathy for sexual misfits.

WHO would have thought that the child health movement, the pride of the country, destined to be the symbol of our vaunted sanitary intelligence could have made children of us all—of our nation, the nation's heroes (vide William Jennings Bryan) and our American writers? We see the superiority complex of the author develop its most expressive phases in chapters on Adult Infantilism and Do Characters in Fiction Behave like Human Beings? Even a psychiatrist with a background of seventy-five thousand days as practitioner of medicine can hardly be omniscient. Yet how delightfully does he expose us to the cruel truth of his thesis. He does not leave us a shred of self-respect, far less any excuse for self-esteem. One feels always the storm of his indignation which threatens to burst every time he hears the subject of the Eighteenth Amendment.

Finally his fury and his temptation can no longer be controlled and he tells us that he, and we must assume that she is included, who would rather "live than succeed, be happy than rich, have peace of mind than radios, be tranquil rather than apprehensive, be courageous and not cowardly, and finally be resigned and not agitated" must learn properly to use alcohol, which is to this literary doctor "the most important tangible means in the world to secure these desiderata." He sees the legal interference with the commercial exploitation of this particular habit-forming drug as the cause of all our crime and much of our intellectual and social dishonesty or puerility.

Fear of humiliation seems to be a potent factor in driving Dr. Collins to tilt at the childishness of his and our nation and its governors. He seems to feel we are likely to be made pitiful by a Europe which jokes us on our Scopes trials and our Klans, with their hundred per cent bigotry. There is lacking a robust individualism to give him something of the equanimity of Osler. We would ask him to look at the busy quietness of the Quakers. They surely have heard many of the Voices crying in the Wilderness and answered with loyalty and speed.

A RELENTLESS reasoned destruction of the Freudians is the burden of his chapter titled Fundamentalists and Modernists. We forget the inappropriateness of the label in delight at the vigor with which the Viennese practice of psychiatry is punctured again and again. Let us take courage and believe ourselves that "will and mind" rather than "conditioned reflexes and built-in reactions" give man the determinations which make of him something more than a "mechanism regulated by a machine."

In Leisure and Libraries Collins is at his safest, and when he lauds adult education and the pleasures of self-improvement he joins the constructive teachers who see the eternal struggle between legislation and education as the basis of social action. We say amen to his ideas on toleration and health.

The dynamo to develop toleration is the newspaper and magazine: distributing stations are libraries. If there were a New York World and a Newark or Cleveland Library in every State of the Union, our souls would soon be purged of biliousness.

And "Health is the most desirable of all assets, but health without character is scarcely worth pursuit."

HAVEN EMERSON, M.D.

THE DOCTOR LOOKS AT LOVE AND LIFE, *by Dr. Joseph Collins. Doran. 279 pp. Price $3.00 postpaid of The Survey.*

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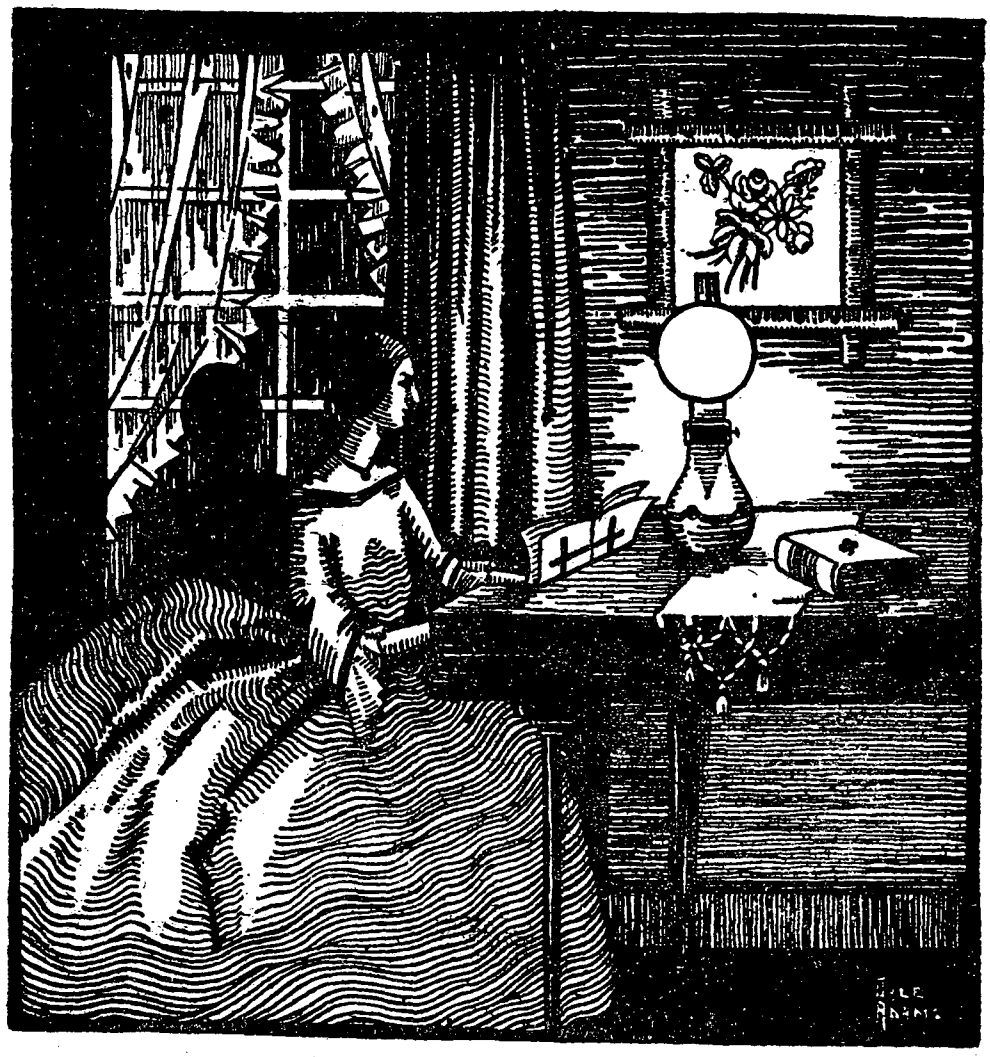

Jacket design from "Iowa Interiors" by Ruth Suckow (Knopf) Reviewed on page 160

Democracy in the Making

I. On the Road

TWO men have joined in making this year of our Lord a notable one in the literature of democracy. One is our great demophobe, Mr. Mencken. The other is a relatively inconspicuous scholar at the University of Chicago, Thomas Vernor Smith, who proves himself a great democrat. For the same reason that Billy Sunday drew bigger crowds than the late President Eliot, Mr. Mencken's book will no doubt have the wider reading. But in comparing the two books one is reminded of the back-row whisperer who broke up a discussion of relative merit in the Poetry Society by remarking that you can feel Burns, but you can only hear Noyes.

The venom of Mr. Mencken's attack on what he calls the democratic thesis is more interesting, on the whole, than the attack itself. In lesser men, such fury has often fairly simple psychological explanations. We hate what we fear. We fear what seems to have injured us and may do so again. We fear what we half unconsciously know ourselves to be—fear it so much that we project it on someone else and then fear, and hate, the scapegoat. The adolescent girl rages at her mother; the parvenu scolds her servants; the new-hatched free-thinker lampoons the church. The degree of frenzy is often a pretty good indication of the degree of bondage. If Mr. Mencken were of common clay, it would be amusing to speculate on the hidden fires that keep the lava spouting.

More simply, Mr. Mencken is in this book a rip-snorting romanticist—whipping up the objects of his dislike or fear into dragons with fiery eyes and stinking breath. He bludgeons facts into serried rows of rights and wrongs. He jousts at the foe, and fells him; indeed he keeps right on felling him. Give him an intelligence test, a Dayton trial, and Boston Common, and he will spin you a tale that makes the flesh creep. It is a grand show.

But after all he doesn't get the point. Everywhere in Christendom, he growls, the fundamental axioms of democracy are accepted:

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(a) that the great masses of men have an inalienable right, born of the very nature of things, to govern themselves, and

(b) that they are competent to do it.

Most of the book is thereupon given to demonstrating, with knightly fervor (but loutish humor), that the great masses are not competent to do it; at the end he adds that they don't do it because they let the capitalists get a stranglehold. He lets the first axiom pretty much alone, and there he gives his case away. For obviously if the masses have the right to govern themselves it makes no difference whether they are competent to do so or not, and the most fundamental thinking about democracy is being done today by men who would not be greatly disturbed if you gave them as a creed:

(a) that the great masses of men have an inalienable right, born of the very nature of things, to govern themselves, and

(b) that they are incompetent to do it.

Mr. Mencken is crying for the moon when he asks for a cosmos in which men's rights and responsibilities coincide with their abilities. Reality doesn't grow in that pattern. If music is the resolution of discords into harmony, civilization is the resolution of paradoxes into experience. Of course we can't govern ourselves—but we must. It is not only egotistic, it is downright infantile to quarrel with nine-tenths of humanity because their perceptions are less sensitive than Mr. Mencken's. They're there; and what is he going to do about it?

Let Mr. Smith of Chicago answer:

> Whatever may be the defects of democracy, the only possible alternative is of such a character as to renew faith in democracy, however poor it may be; for the contrast is at bottom between selecting one's own ends—rough hew them how one may—and lending oneself to further the ends of another.

The democratic experiment—with Bryan and Mencken thrown in—or the spiritual exploitation of most men by a few men: there is the choice. And it takes a tougher and tougher hide, as the centuries roll on, to be a Napoleon.

Unlike Mr. Mencken, who only half avows his affection for the vanished overlords of Europe in occasional parentheses, Mr. Smith frankly admits his idealism. He is a democrat, and he says so. He is not very romantic about it, though he does have a weakness for the romantic vice of fine writing. He takes certain ethical habits of the race—the persistent feeling that liberty, fraternity, equality are good things—and looks them over to see how they fit our 1926 world. He still feels that they are good, and he justifies that feeling by testing them against psychological experience. He admits that they have not worked very well in practice, but instead of arguing from our failure to realize them that they should now be discarded, he makes the tonic proposal that we deliberately bend the resources of civilization, increasingly in command as it is of power and of machinery, to seeing whether they can be made to work.

Mass production is obviously a death-threat to equality, to liberty, and hence to fraternity. It has removed from the worker not only the opportunity to be skilled, but the more precious opportunity to understand and feel a directing share in the ends of his labor. The shallow suggestion that these losses can be made up to the worker in his pay envelope and his leisure hours Mr. Smith dismisses with vigor: if the worker's capacity for end-guided activity is "denied any goal except the extrinsic one of wage, the wage, however great, cannot redress the deep wrong to his personality involved in the denial. . . . No amount of leisure in which to spend the wage can purge the ethical toxins left by his daily degradation. To talk of 'self-culture in the margin of life' is to talk pious bombast."

Rather, work itself must be socialized: and the professions point the way. We have no right to say that any necessary work is necessarily "of such a character as to dwarf those who must do it" until society has exhausted its resources to fit the work to the potentialities of the worker:

> Not until we see that it is on the work of average men that the good life must be founded will we make the effort which alone can determine whether a thorough-going moral democracy is possible. There is no adequate ground for pessimism until we have done our best.

As to method the book is, and quite properly, only suggestive. It is clear that in industry, for example, we greatly lack knowledge of the actual case history of such experiments as have already been made in making work less numbing to the intelligence, more nourishing to the conscious purpose. Methods must be hammered out of experience, and that slowly.

But at two points we have here a distinguished contribution to American thought about democracy. One is the rescuing of the term from the merely political connotations which have long been overstressed, and its identification with the freshest concepts of social and individual health:

> The equality ideal must mean this highly important thing, that every man shall be entitled to understand and progressively to create the ends for which his energy goes. And this means of course that he is entitled to the kind of character that can create and appreciate purposes that outrun the moment. . . . A unified personality in a harmonious world—this is a psychological statement of the democratic objective.

The other is the frank, deliberate, ethical challenge to a society that calls itself democratic: to stop whining about inferiority, to accept and use the fact of growth, to invest every scrap of energy that science can wring from nature in the enterprise of giving human personality a chance to create itself.

Mr. Mencken to the contrary, some of us are still proud to be democrats while such purposes are felt among us.

GEDDES SMITH

NOTES ON DEMOCRACY, *by H. L. Mencken. Knopf. 300 pp. Price $2.50 postpaid of The Survey.*

THE DEMOCRATIC WAY OF LIFE, *by Thomas Vernon Smith. University of Chicago Press. 211 pp. Price $1.75 postpaid of The Survey.*

II. On the Job

WHILE many of our most oracular contemporaries make the welkin ring with jeremiads on the collapse of democracy, industrial executives, both on the side of management and of labor, are putting democracy to work on the job. They have discovered that no industrial enterprise can be successfully run until the interest and creative capacity of every least member of the organization can be aroused and functionally coordinated into what Mary Follett calls "integrative unity." For those who are in a position to see what is going on in industry, the best of our contemporary manufacturing establishments may fairly be described as our most effective educational institutions. As a matter of practical wisdom, industrial executives are consciously aiming at the "full education which John Dewey in his Reconstruction of Philosophy says comes "only when

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there is a responsible sharing on the part of each person in proportion to capacity, in shaping the aims and policies of the social group to which they belong," a fact which, he emphasizes, "fixes the significance of democracy."

For men who face the necessity of making mechanized industry work, democracy has ceased to be a metaphysical concept, and is being seen and used as the effective driving power behind the creative process. This fact not only fixes the significance of democracy but it also supplies a gage of the value of books on industry, its history and conduct.

IN The Coal Miners' Struggle for Industrial Status, Arthur E. Suffern gives us a scholarly report of "things that have been," and some things that are, in the organization of the United Mine Workers of America and their relationships with coal operators. As a collection of facts presented as discrete historical data, the book is a storehouse of information. Here are dates, numbers, summaries of collective agreements, the principles underlying these agreements, a description of the machinery through which agreements are enforced. But the author is so intent on being "objective," so meticulously scientific in avoiding the charge of bias, that he rarely gives us a cue to the question as to how the miners or operators or their organizations managed to "get that way." The result is that he has given us a kiln-bleached skeleton, a carefully encased museum-piece detached from the living processes, the web and woof of the life in the coal fields out of which miners' unions, employers' associations, collective agreements evolved. The book tells us a great deal about what has been, but it helps us very little to understand the currents of conflicting desires and economic interests which time and again have come to the surface in lockouts and strikes and which because they have not been understood and intelligently dealt with are likely to paralyze the bituminous coal industry in the spring of 1927 as they did the anthracite industry last year.

The difficulty from which Suffern's book suffers seems to be inherent in the policy of many research endowments that place an excessive value upon "facts" as against "opinions." It is as if men in the physical sciences should record their experimental observations and should then for fear of being accused of imperfect objectivity refrain from formulating any hypotheses as to the significance of their data. Such a timorous avoidance of theory—for what is theory but well-considered opinion?—would be the death of the cooperative thinking to which technical intervention and scientific discovery owe so much.

In their Employe Stock Ownership in the United States, Robert E. Foerster, director of the industrial relations section of the department of economics and social institutions in Princeton, and his assistant, Else H. Dietel, make an obeisance to this ideal of sterile objectivity and then happily chuck it into the discard. Through 68 of the 174 pages of their book they give a comprehensive record and then turn to a keen analysis of questions of individual and general policy involved in these plans. "Although in the nature of things," they say, "this chapter cannot have so objective a character as the preceding chapters, we shall have no hesitation in choosing between some of the alternative procedures that it discusses and to such an extent implying that one line of development has advantages over another." As a result of their daring to admit that they have reached at least tentative conclusions as to the significance of their data, they show us employe stock ownership plans as parts of the living process by which the interests and desires of employes and employers are being shaped.

The International Labor Organization by Paul Périgord, justifies the publishers' announcement that it is the first book written in English through which the student of public questions can adequately acquaint himself with the history, structure and operation of the International Labor Organization of the League of Nations. Mr. Périgord not only gives the facts one needs to understand the machinery of the International Labor Office, but he also follows the evolution of the idea out of which it grew from the days of such pioneers in the advocacy of international labor legislation as Necker, finance adviser to Louis XVI, Robert Owen and Adolphe Blanqui, to Samuel Gompers and Woodrow Wilson. It was Blanqui who first raised the question as to why Powers that made a practice of signing treaties "binding them to kill men" could not draw up modern agreements "to preserve and enrich human life." Through his association with men like Henry M. Robinson, who was a member of the Supreme Economic Council at the Peace Conference of 1919 and the employer member of the International Conference for Legislation for Labor, Mr. Périgord is able to take us into the conferences and debates of the groups whose conflicting ideas and objectives with respect to the proper constitution of the Charter of Labor were resolved in the labor sections of the Treaty of Peace. The subtitle of his volume is A Study of Labor and Capital in Cooperation, and in spite of the rather unwieldy bulk of the materials with which he is compelled to deal, he succeeds in conveying a sense of democracy as an integrative process at work throughout the industrial and economic spheres of our modern civilization.

NOWHERE have I found such penetrating appraisal and analysis of the processes through which essential democracy is getting on the job in industry as that contained in The Scientific Foundations of Business Administration. Here Mr. Overstreet, professor of philosophy in the City College of New York, shows the result of recent developments in the psychology between business and industrial administration. Harlow S. Person, managing director of the Taylor Society, reviews the results of the application of the scientific technique to problems of management, and Mary Follett gives such an analysis of the philosophic problems that arise in the course of business and industrial administration as has rarely been put into print. Then Henry S. Dennison, president of the Dennison Manufacturing Company, subjecting Miss Follett's philosophy to the test of the experience of a going manufacturing concern, gives a rare illustration of cooperative thinking at its best. These chapters, I am disposed to believe, will be recognized as a landmark in the development of the scientific technique as applied to the problem of human behavior in industry.

Ernest Richmond Burton's Employe Representation is an excellent source book of materials of the kind that are basic to Miss Follett's and Mr. Dennison's discussion. It is probably the most comprehensive as it is the most recent account and description of the many plans of employe representation whose development is one of the most interesting phases of contemporary industrial life. It is in the nature of his subject, however, that Mr. Burton must give more attention to the structure, mechanisms, and methods of schemes of employe representation than to the behavior of men and the psychological problems which determine their

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success or failure. Here again, however, the author succeeds in making his readers feel democracy not as a metaphysical concept but a living force on the job.

ROBERT W. BRUÈRE

THE COAL MINERS' STRUGGLE FOR INDUSTRIAL STATUS, *by Arthur E. Suffern. The Macmillan Company. 462 pp. Price $2.50 postpaid of The Survey.*

EMPLOYEE STOCK OWNERSHIP IN THE UNITED STATES, *by Robert F. Foerster and Else H. Dietel. Industrial Relations Section. Princeton University. 174 pp. Price $2.00 postpaid of The Survey.*

THE INTERNATIONAL LABOR ORGANIZATION, *by Paul Perigord. D. Appleton & Company. 334 pp. Price $3.00 postpaid of The Survey.*

SCIENTIFIC FOUNDATIONS OF BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION, *by H. A. Overstreet and others. The Williams & Wilkins Company. 341 pp. Price $5.00 postpaid of The Survey.*

EMPLOYEE REPRESENTATION, *by Ernest Richmond Burton. The Williams & Wilkins Company. 283 pp. Price $3.00 postpaid of The Survey.*

III. On the Campus

In things of the mind the American student is too docile. His critical sense and his desire for originality are blunted. It is a curious thing that these young men, capable of throwing themselves madly into battle, these born adventurers who find fierce delight in surmounting real obstacles, are almost pusillanimous when they have to engage in a struggle with ideas. *That comes without doubt from their being trained to learn rather than to think.*

IN these words, Professor Albert Feuillerat, of France, summed up his impressions of American college students after having taught for six months at Yale University. And these opinions may be said to be the text of Professor Kirkpatrick's book. For though he deals with the fate of the American college professor and with the fortunes of higher education generally, yet ever he comes back to this crucial test of the matter: What is happening in the minds of the students in our colleges and universities? His reply is, in short, that not enough is happening to pay for all the fuss and feathers of the performance!

And why is not more happening in these minds? Because, on the whole, the American college, as at present organized and controlled, doesn't want things to happen. As President William O. Thompson said to the freshmen of Ohio State University, in 1925: "The best thing to do is to do what you are told. . . . For an individual coming into the university and saying 'I want to do what I want to do' means starting endless trouble for himself and everyone else." The American college and university wants things to happen *to* the minds of the students, not *in* those minds. That will be safer for all concerned!

Part One on the beginnings of universities in America shows how at Harvard, William and Mary, and the "Log College" in Pennsylvania, the control of education was in the hands of the teachers; and how at Yale and Princeton, education was from the first under the control of external forces, with the teachers acting the rôles of hired men. The author shows, too, how the revolution has been fought through in some Latin-American universities, and how the teachers have won back some of their ancient right to be masters of their social destinies as well as of their learnings.

In Part Two, about current academic practices, we see the control of the college and university definitely lodged in the "skyscraper," and the teacher definitely reduced to the position of employe. The well-known "captain of erudition" makes his appearance. We see the skyscraper boss and his captain dealing with undesirable "influences" in several instances: as at Clark. And we see the results when "control returns to the campus," as at Antioch.

In Part Three come some of the stirrings of the democratic spirit under the surface of academic aridity. We see militant minorities doing important things and new ventures in education, such as the Brookwood Labor College, which has "cut loose from the Rotarians" to stand alone. We ask ourselves, why the college president, at all? and we ponder the problem as to how this overgrown functionary is to be deflated without destroying the credit of the institution. We debate next steps: the democratization of college administration; commission forms of government in the college; co-partnerships between students and faculties; the intrusion of the problems and responsibilities of the world upon the campus and into the laboratory; and the weighty question as to whether men of learning can ever become so acclimated to the world of action as to be able, or willing, to take charge of their own social and economic destinies.

These are, briefly stated, the problems. What are the answers? Well, the answers are not yet in sight. Indeed these very methods of education which are criticized in this book are likely to defeat any and all efforts looking to their reform. President Nicholas Murray Butler complains that the American university is failing to educate men to take the places of members of the faculties who are dying or being retired because of age. In like fashion it can be said that the American college is failing to educate a student body that will fight for its own intellectual integrities. For the last three years there has been much talk about the "intellectual revolt" on the Dartmouth campus which was responsible for the famous undergraduate report on the revision of the curriculum. Professor Kirkpatrick refers to this revolt as a "significant venture." But it now turns out that this revolt was almost entirely the work of one student; that it was disturbing as long as he was on the campus; that it lost its impact the moment he left to go elsewhere for graduate work; and that nothing of consequence now remains to mark the passing of one more revolution.

This does not mean, of course, that nothing is accomplished by student grumblings, or by student activities. It does not mean that there is no intellectual life on the university campus these days. It does not mean that the hopes of democracy in education are to be lost or abandoned. It means that we have spent two hundred years getting into this sort of educational institutionalism; that, on the whole, the control of education by absentee boards of trustees, through captains of erudition, is congenial to the present mentality and morality of American life; and that it will take more than a few incidental uprisings, here and there, to make any significant changes in these matters. We did not get into these ways in a hurry and we shall not get out of them in a hurry.

But we shall get out of them. The implications of intelligence, so highly esteemed on the campus, will some day dawn upon even the typical president, as they have already dawned upon student groups, and inquisitive scientists and even adventurous industrialists. When that time comes, the fortuitous accumulations of the past will be asked to give an account of themselves. That will be a dark day for the skyscraper board of trustees and the captain of erudition. But it will be a good day for the college, and the human race. And this book will have a large share in helping to bring about that day.

JOSEPH K. HART

THE AMERICAN COLLEGE AND ITS RULERS, *by John E. Kirkpatrick. 309 pp. The New Republic, Inc. Price $1.00 postpaid of The Survey.*

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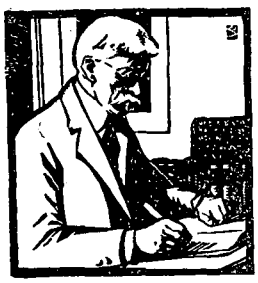

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Moses as Revolutionist

MOSES in Red—a lurid title! And the content, too, is rather lurid. One assumes that Lenin is to be portrayed as Moses in red. But "the point of view," as the author calls his thesis, is rather different. Moses is Lenin rather than Lenin Moses.

The book is in a manner of apologia for the old muckraking of the author. Steffens went through the Mexican Revolution and later the Russian Revolution and Moses in Red is an attempt bizarre, withal not insignificant, to show that revolutions are of a piece, inevitable, in any event, and that the chief thing is to seek to bring them, like all natural phenomena, under control.

To quote his own words, "Revolutions, like wars, are social-economic explosions due to human (political) interference with natural (and, therefore, divine) laws and forces which make for the gradual growth or constant change called evolution. . . . There is in that statement, if true, a basis for a science of revolution; there is in it an implication that revolutions are governed by some natural (economic-psychological-social) laws which make them alike and, therefore, understandable and perhaps manageable, if not avoidable." And these definitions do not convey Steffen's thought as fully and clearly as does the following paragraph, which might almost be described as the clue to the purpose of the author.

> The Old Testament story of the revolt and the exodus of Israel is the history of a revolution, and it has the hand of God acting and His voice speaking all through it, literally. Jehovah is a character; He is the leading person in the plot of that great drama. The theologians dispute whether to read it literally or symbolically, but that makes no essential difference. The story rings true in the way that the New Testament gospels of Jesus ring true. The narrative follows the course of a typical revolution. Let Jehovah personify and speak for Nature; think of Moses as the uncompromising Bolshevik; Aaron as the more political Menshevik; take Pharaoh as the ruler who stands for the Right (the conservative "evolutionist"), and the Children of Israel as the People—any people; read the Books of Moses thus and they will appear as a revolutionary classic. Anyone that has gone through a revolution will recognize, not only the dramatis personae of the story, but the regular stages of its progress, the typical individual and mob psychology, the tragic disappointments and excesses, and the comic criticisms and excuses of every such crisis in the affairs of men.

In other words, the classic revolution is to be found in the story of the Exodus of the Children of Israel: The Revolution! Touching this story Steffens makes slight though rather daring excursion into the field of higher criticism. "Making every allowance for errors, priestcraft and politics in the Books of Moses, however, I hold to my thesis that they give an essentially true account of a typical revolution and that they are therefore worth studying as such:"

Arresting though the thesis be, it is not left without proofs, and some of these are adduced with more than a touch of the familiar muck-raking zeal. A delightful parallel is cited in the paragraph:

> Moses had his experience with the investigators. The committee of chiefs he sent to spy out the Land of Promise came back with a majority report that the country was full of giants and that it would take hard fighting and long labor to make of it the heaven on earth that they had dreamed of. They preferred to go back to Egypt and servitude and the people were with the pessimists. Jehovah, who, like Nature, was offering them not a heaven on earth but only an opportunity to make one, saw their uselessness and commanded them to wander off into the wilderness and die. Only their children, brought up in liberty, should inherit the land and liberty.

But the fundamental thought of the author, apart from the hundred-page illustration plus commentary drawn from the Book of Exodus is: "Reactionary policies are universal . . . that may bring on the revolution, that and that alone. Not the revolutionists, who do not make a revolution. . . . The Tsar, President Diaz of Mexico, the Kings of France, they and their oligarchies of leading citizens, all did what the Books of Moses tell us Pharaoh did: they drove the people to revolt. There were not only no reforms for their groanings, there were heavier burdens, bricks without straw, till Nature—call it Human Nature; call it economic pressure or a psychological cave-in; ac-

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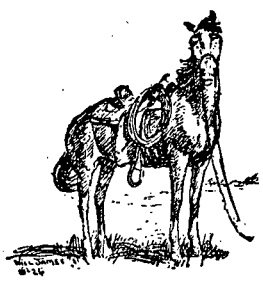

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cording to the Bible it was Jehovah that raised up the leader, Moses—formed the conspiracy and hardened Pharaoh's heart to commit the final folly which started the exodus; a natural phenomenon, a human tragedy, a divine comedy."

Startling though this sound to the "righteous evolutionists," it is far and away the soundest theory of the author. The revolutionists no more make revolution than soldiers make war. Soldiers wage war quite as automatically as guns and bayonets. Revolutionists are no more than the last link in the chain which is bound up with revolution. 1914 has taught us one thing—to look before and beneath the immediate causes of war. When examined in the rainbow-hued light of government books, they prove to be no more than occasions circumstantial for war, the noumena of war-making expressing themselves in the phenomena of war-waging.

If this theory be provable to the hilt, namely that revolutionists are an incident rather than the agents of revolution, the next thesis of the author is highly debatable and is a diversion from his otherwise clear purpose. "Both the Mexican and the Russian revolution ran straight to a dictatorship. Looking back in history it appears that all other revolutions took on the form of an autocracy. Moses was the chief, the absolute ruler of the Exodus. But so do all great social crises develop into dictatorships. The Jews, the Russians and the Mexicans had lived under that form of government; it was the arrangement they were accustomed to. It might be peculiar to them to return to it. But during the World War all the modern governments changed from their old 'democratic' to the autocratic form. Great Britain made Lloyd George a dictator, France ended up with Clemenceau as the absolute ruler, and the United States let President Wilson be king."

TRUE the author saves himself in his italicized *ipse dixit*, "In revolutions, or wars and in all such disorganizing, fear-spreading crises in human affairs, nations tend to return to the first, the simplest, and perhaps the best form of government: a dictatorship," and its qualifications, "fear-spreading crises in human affairs." This is amplified in the following sentence: "A dictatorship, then, is neither red nor white, good nor bad—it is a natural development of a situation in which a people is so frightened that it huddles back into the herd state."

And the author's last word here is saving only in part, "Democracy and a free people are effects, not causes: ends, not beginnings." And the end of the matter is—

> All I am saying here is that this slaughter probably did happen; that such terrors always do happen in such cases and that the regular repetition of them in historical crises should suggest to the scientific and even to the righteous-minded that there is some natural (divine) law discoverable in these phenomena, a set of causes which, once known to us, might enable wise leaders to manage a revolution without a red terror. White terrors, being righteous, are inevitable. But a red terror should be possible of control. Against me stands the authority of the Bible, which has Jehovah, the all-wise, not trying to avoid, control or manage, but actually commanding and, over Moses' entreaties, cajoleries, and prayers, compelling the prophet to direct those excesses of the Exodus which the righteous condemn in the Russians, Mexicans, and Germans and regret but tolerate in the Allies, Mussolini, the White Terrorists and the Ku Klux Klan. There it is, ignoring the rather childish parenthesis: white terrors, being righteous are inevitable.

Moses in Red is more than a title. It is an attempt at vindication. The question which persists, despite the book, is, Are revolutions of necessity red? It is rather a far cry from the red of Lenin to the pink of Moses, and the invasion of the land of promise. The book might almost be called a bit of Mosaic muck-raking. And yet Lincoln Steffens has uttered his deep conviction about revolution with sad sincerity and it is passing strange to find that in the end himself from God he cannot free. As a study in comparative religions beginning with Moses and ending with Lenin, it is a document which derives its chiefest interest from its authorship by a man who in many lands has dealt with evils and after a generation of such dealings seems to be no more sure of the good in evil than of evil in the good. He is quite certain that the "righteous" of Moses are abhorrent, but he can find abundant extenuation for Lenin and his followers in red.

STEPHEN S. WISE

RED MOSES, *by Lincoln Steffens. Dorrance & Co. 144 pp. Price $1.75 postpaid of The Survey.*

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The chronicle of that revolution in school method will be told by Miss Cooley in a second series of articles in Survey Graphic; but here we have added to the distinctive shelf of New Republic books one of the rarest by-products of her work —the subject of her earlier series in the Graphic—the genesis of Up From Slavery in terms of Negro women. Since the days of Booker T. Washington, the story has been told largely in terms of men. Here we have the epic of the three generations that have bridged the gap from the plantation cabin, in images of the ancient preoccupations of womankind—and of their own concerns.

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PAUL U. KELLOGG

HOMES OF THE FREED. *by Rossa B. Cooley. New Republic, Inc. 199 pp. Price* $1.00 *postpaid.*

The Negro Renaissance

THE story of the role played by primitive Negro sculpture in the art history of the past twenty years reads like a romance. Idols and masks, theretofore regarded as mere ethnological curiosities, are now justly ranked in the class with ancient Greek and Egyptian sculpture. An event of even greater importance is the influence which Negro sculpture has had on most of the creators now accepted as leaders in contemporary paintings, sculpture, music, poetry and drama. Among the important modern artists indebted to the work of the ancient Negro savages are Picasso, Matisse, Modigliani, in painting; Stravinsky, Satie, Honneger, Paulenc, Milhaud and Auric, in music; Lipchitz and Epstein, in sculpture; Diaghlieff, in some of the best productions of the Russian Ballet; Cocteau, Cendrars and Guillaume Apollinaire, in poetry; Perret and Jeanneret, in architecture.

The connection between that renaissance and the recent book Primitive Negro Sculpture is that one of the latter's authors, Paul Guillaume, is the individual about whom the movement centered. He owned the most important pieces of Negro sculpture and maintained a little gallery at which the above-mentioned artists congregated. Unfortunately, the circle attracted critics and professional writers who exploited the movement in a series of books and articles on Negro art that have served to confuse and misrepresent its significance and importance. It is no exaggeration to say that practically all of the best-known publications on Negro art are second-hand versions of information and ill-assimilated instruction obtained from Paul Guillaume. The worst of these offenders have been the German and English professional critics. In the book Primitive Negro Sculpture there is no mention of Paul Guillaume's pioneer work nor complaint of the individuals whose writings have befogged the public mind concerning Negro sculpture as a distinctive art form.

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Primitive Negro Sculpture is unique among works on that subject in two respects: first, it is based on genuine experience with the sculptures themselves; second, it points out the objective facts about the sculpture in the clear, orderly manner that characterizes insight and good thinking. The core of the thesis is that "an attempt is made to present the plastic qualities of the figures—their effects of line, plane, mass and color—apart from all associated facts"; "the important question is not what subjects the sculptor chose, but how he executed them, with what distinctive uses of his medium"; to "avoid subjective reverie and unverifiable generalization, and in the systematic attempt to see instead, as clearly and objectively as possible, the demonstrable qualities in the works of art themselves, and their relation to the conscious processes of the observer." That protocol seems to embody good definitions of modern scientific method and of the kind of action that operates when we purchase an automobile or a suit of clothes intelligently. In short, the authors' observation is directed to the intrinsic, that is, the plastic qualities of the objects. "One comes to regard the statue not as a distorted copy of a human body, but as a new creation in itself, recalling the human form in a general way, but independently justified by its own internal logic, by the necessity and harmony of its parts."

WHAT the authors mean by "internal logic," "necessity and harmony," is made clear by reference to general principles that govern our reactions to other forms of art: "Not only music, but any other art that achieves unity of design, organization, does so by repeating a theme or themes, in such a manner that the appreciator can detect a similarity between the parts. It avoids monotony and achieves interest, richness, surprise, by varying and contrasting its themes. The themes may be melodies and chord progressions, color combinations, human motives in conduct, or columns and gables in a building; all of these are capable of being repeated, varied and contrasted, woven into an integral form. The worker in an art, then, if he desires to exploit its possibilities to the utmost, will inquire what are the qualities of the medium he is working in, and what themes and combinations he can make of it." "Every part in a typical, fully realized Negro statue functions as an element in plastic design: an embodiment, a repetition in rhythmic, varied sequence, of some theme in mass, line or surface." "In the same figure an artist may introduce two or more radically different shapes, perhaps repeating and slightly varying each one. Such contrast gives, as in music, an arresting and interesting shock to the observer." The design and organization of the objects are explained in simple terms and are related to other forms of art and to life itself.

The authors claim for the Negro artists rare ability to coordinate subject-matter with the "distinctive potentialities" of the material into simple but powerful designs superior to the work of other schools which rely upon surface decoration and miss the massiveness, the real power of three-dimensional volume. Scores of analyses which accompany illustrations of particular status and masks enable the reader to see the design and its plastic constituents. The authors, for the first time, specifically set forth the objective characteristics of the great traditions, Gabun, Ivory Coast, Sudan, Congo, Guinea, etc.

The chief service of Primitive Negro Sculpture is the help it offers to people who desire to see for themselves the characteristics of Negro sculpture that endow it with value as a form of art. In that respect the book is without a rival. In affording that aid, the authors incidentally clear away much of the sentimental and Olympian irrelevancies by means of which professional critics have gained fame in mystifying their readers. For example, the chapter entitled The Effect of Past Experience and Associations is perhaps the most penetrating exposition ever published on the respective rôles of pure design and of associated values in our enjoyment of a work of art. It offers the needed corrective to the harm done by public acceptation of unanalyzed slogans like "significant form," so dear to the hearts of the lovers of the precious and exclusive in art.

Another valuable service is the succinct and authoritative account of the civilization, of the life and customs, of the psychology of primitive races, out of which Negro art grew, naturally and inevitably. Most of the other books on the subject resemble compendiums of the recitals of returned missionaries whose endowments and training have helped to perpetuate the con-

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fusion of values intrinsic to the identification of morality and enlightenment with creative ability in art. This part of the book reveals a wide acquaintance with the reports of scientific explorers; it represents a fine coordination of historical, sociological and geographical data with the rich cultural background that pervades the book. Educationally, Primitive Negro Sculpture is important because it offers to its readers the combined resources of two exceptionally well trained minds brought to bear upon long and real experience in the observation of concrete works of art. The contents of the book are well worthy of the luxurious setting provided by the publishers.

ALBERT C. BARNES

PRIMITIVE NEGRO SCULPTURE, *by Paul Guillaume and Thomas Munro. Harcourt Brace.* 134 *pp. Price* $6.00 *postpaid of The Survey.*

"Grow Old Along With Me"

QUITE a number of doctors have been telling us of late how to grow old more gracefully and painlessly. The trend of this literature just now seems to be in the direction of telling us how to avoid old age altogether—other than in years. The trouble with most of these prescriptions is that they are accompanied by diagrams of physical exercises which we are prone to give up after the second or third attempt. And their suggested menus—reasonable enough for stay-at-homes—are prohibited by the wild life which the average reader leads down-town.

Dr. Ramus has left out the diagrams and most of the patter. His historical cases of longevity are entertaining enough to lead the reader unawares to a consideration of the main points as regards his diet which is given the subordinate place where it belongs. For, by far the largest factor in keeping young is psychological. (The author goes so far as to deny the existence of a physical basis for the climacteric which he explains rather convincingly on purely psychological and sociological grounds.) Exercise and diet, the proper use and avoidance of drugs, even surgical treatment, all have their part in the combat of old age; but in our time as never before we have seen what difference a change in attitude can make.

Dr. Ramus quotes many authorities, and his advice on most points is worth taking; but the person of fifty-five or fifty who buys his book is already a bad case; he may have little ailments peculiar to middle age that require attention and a little accurate knowledge; but he should never permit himself to construct a synthesis of these ailments and, shrugging his shoulders, regretfully admit that "we are getting on." If you ever feel that way the only thing that will save you is to get away from your associates and, after a hardening vacation, mix with folk who will regard you as a "young fellow" and never dream of treating you with respect for your greying hair.

BRUNO LASKER

OUTWITTING MIDDLE AGE, *by Dr. Carl Ramus. Century Co.* 269 *pp. Price* $2.00 *postpaid of The Survey.*

Anticipations: A Forecast

THERE was a brilliant young radical once (or at least I was at the age when all young radicals seemed brilliant) who was talking to me about the socialist commonwealth. In spite of my reverence, he seemed vague. So I pressed him for details. But he silenced me scornfully. "Aw, Smith," he said, "You want a ground-plan of the New Jerusalem, and there isn't any." I think of him now, in a sort of defense mechanism, because it seems necessary to give at least a sketch plan of this, our Alcove,* on its appearance as a guest of Letters & Life, and there isn't any. There are in it, to be sure, some shelves with labels on them: health, industry, "social practice," education, community affairs, foreign affairs. But the books will spill over into unclassified heaps, and as one Alcoveer succeeds another even the shelves that are in order slide and slip like the bellows of an accordion. Let it go, then, that the books we have here to consider are those of factual rather than literary interest, yet not too narrowly technical, and designed for the information, edification, stimulation of any reader with a reasonably socialized curiosity.

* Books in Our Alcove is a regular department in the Survey Midmonthly.

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The most important book of the season to find its way into the Alcove will be, I fancy, Count von Keyserling's The Book of Marriage, which Harcourt, Brace & Company, after some disappointing postponements, have just published. It is a compilation of modern concepts of marriage from various cultural viewpoints. Dr. Beatrice M. Hinkle, translator of Jung, exponent of psychological types, and a leading psychoanalyst, has written the American chapter. Dr. Hinkle has already made significant progress, as a speaker and through the magazines, in the difficult but deeply necessary task of sharpening social awareness of the shifting values in family adjustments. A deal of nonsense has been talked and written about the family by people who began with inherited ideas and deduced all sorts of social portents from the failure of the observable facts to fit their labels. The novelty about the discussion of marriage which is now beginning to emerge is that it starts with observation and draws therefrom its still very tentative generalizations. I do not know, of course, that the Keyserling book will be of this sort, but the far-ranging mind of the author of The Travel Diary of a Philosopher would hardly be satisfied with a collection of stereotypes. Now that the current of common interest sets so strongly toward a revaluation of family patterns that even the National Conference of Social Work recognizes it, I feel safe in saying on behalf of those who frequent the Alcove that here is one book that should certainly be read both by those who prescribe social adjustments for others and those who live them out. Incidentally, Westermarck's standard history of marriage is coming out in a short form (Macmillan).

EXCEPT for the fact that marriage is more universal than delinquency (is it, I wonder?) the Alcove would perhaps give first place in the season's anticipations to Delinquents and Criminals: their Making and Unmaking, by Dr. William Healy and Miss Augusta F. Bronner. (Macmillan.) No social worker needs to be reminded of so influential a book as The Individual Delinquent; since that appeared in 1915, Dr. Healy has been publishing little, and this new volume is the fruit of several years of intensive study, with 4,000 cases of delinquency from Chicago and Boston as its material. It should prove a powerful reinforcement to those who see in crime a tragic failure of relationship between the individual and society, to be wrestled with as science gives us power and insight, rather than as a malicious threat to our comfort and security to be suppressed by the handiest means.

NEAR these on an Alcove shelf—perhaps the one labeled "social practice"—place must be made for a number of books which touch some aspect of the emotional dilemma we call the family. Miriam Van Waters is following Youth in Conflict with another New Republic book, not finally named at this writing, but perhaps to be called Parents on Probation. Survey readers will have an opportunity to sample some chapters of this book prior to its appearance [see page 135 of this issue.]. Professor Groves calls his new book The Drifting Home (Houghton-Mifflin)—though why the home should be so ticketed any more than the school or church or state, I do not know. Dr. Paul Popenoe, somewhat identified with the eugenic and social hygiene approach to these matters, writes on The Conservation of the Family (William & Wilkins). Dutton's makes room in its intriguing Today and Tomorrow series for a small volume on Birth Control and the State by C. P. Blacker, while the University of Chicago Press gives a hearing to Charles W. Margold, who combats, in Sex Freedom and Social Control, what he feels to be an over-emphasis in the writing of Havelock Ellis and others on individualistic attitude toward sex. Sex commercialization is to be dealt with in a book, still some months from publication by the University of Chicago Press, on the social control of prostitution, by an author whose name, it is respectfully reported, is Walter C. Reckless.

TURNING back for a moment to criminology, one must note a report of the Missouri Crime Survey (Macmillan) by Raymond Moley of Cleveland Foundation fame, and a Knopf book which rings still another change on the "criminal' title, Crime and the Criminal, by Philip A. Parsons, who directs the Portland School of Social Work of the University of Oregon.

Books— from a Fine Fall List

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Social Adjustment, by Professor Robert C. Dexter of Skidmore College, another Knopf book, appears to be an attempt to gather up the countless fragments of apparatus which we have been devising so busily in the last quarter century and to correlate specific social problems with the available tools for their solution. And if you like short cuts, there is a Bobbs-Merrill book by E. H. Williams on How We Become Personalities: the Glands of Health, Virility and Success!

ON the health shelf there must be room for Nicholas Kopeloff's book, Why Infections? (Knopf), because he is one of that rare company of scientifically informed writers who address the lay intelligence on its own level, shooting neither above nor below it. Raymond Pearl on Alcohol and Longevity (also Knopf) may be trusted to provoke or renew controversy. Dr. Edgar Mayer on Clinical Applications of Sunlight and Artificial Radiation (William & Wilkins) may prove overtechnical for the Alcove, but we hope some medically literate person will interpret it, for if the sun's rays are so immediately important that Pacific coast babies bred and born in the rainy season are more susceptible to rickets than those bred and born in the sunny months (as we are credibly informed) we can hardly know too much about them. Adelaide Nutting gathers up a sheaf of comments on nursing education into a book entitled A Sound Economic Basis for Schools of Nursing and Other Addresses (Putnam). The Alcove hopes the title will not set the tempo for the book. Marie Stopes, who holds so much affection and respect among those who look for a more intelligent attitude toward sex, offers through Putnam a new contribution to sex education called Sex and the Young.

NOW which side of the fence would that go—health or education? It would have good company on the education side, too. Our own Joseph K. Hart has no less than three books under way: a far-reaching study of Adult Education which Crowell is to publish in their Social Science series; his observations of Danish education and life, Danish Folk Highschools, reworked and expanded; and a little study, Inside Experience, deriving initially from Dewey's Experience and Nature, which is still in a formative stage. The Carnegie Corporation's investigations of adult education are beginning to bear fruit in print: Macmillan announces on its behalf a group of four books—Educational Opportunities for Young Workers, by Owen D. Evans; The University Afield, by Alfred L. Hall-Quest; Correspondence Schools, Lyceums, Chautauquas, by John S. Noffsinger; and New Schools for Older Students, by Nathaniel Peffer. If these are the first-born of a family as large as the same foundation's Americanization Studies, one can but hope that the period of gestation may in this case be shortened. From a new publishing house (its announcement is a joy to the eye) called the John Day Company after one of the "fathers of the English book trade," comes word of a volume on New Schools in the Old World, by Carleton Washburne, superintendent of schools in Winnetka, Illinois, and Myron M. Stearns. A companion volume on New Schools in the New World clamors to be written by somebody. Looking to the better understanding of the child—now happily restored to the center of the pedagogical stage—are The Language and the Thought of the Child, by Jean Piaget of Neuchatel (Harcourt Brace) and Mrs. Hollingworth's Gifted Children, their Nature and Nurture (Macmillan).

PROHIBITION is with us as usual. Irving Fisher classes it with Christianity and democracy—things that ought to be really tried before they are condemned for failure. He calls his Macmillan book Don't Stop Until It's Tried; The Facts About Prohibition—which suggests a certain homiletic bias, and an out-and-outer, D. Leigh Colvin, whose convictions carried him to the length of running for vice-president on the Prohibition ticket in 1920, speaks up too, in Prohibition in the United States (Doran).

The man in the street may know there's politics in prohibition, but he seldom realizes that there is sociology on the sidewalk. The University of Chicago group has a genius for finding it there, however. Professor Thrasher's The Gang, parts of which appeared in the last Survey Midmonthly, and The Urban Community, a collection of papers from the American Socio-

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logical Society gathered by Professor Park, carry forward this tradition. Both are published by the University of Chicago Press, but Nels Anderson, whose book on The Hobo came with the same imprint, has forsaken Chicago for Brooklyn and Knopf will publish, in the spring, his Urban Sociology.

ON the borderland between geography and the social sciences —where folk, work and place come together as Patrick Geddes would say—are a group of books which will have early attention in the Alcove. To put beside P. Vidal de la Blache's Principles of Human Geography, brought out during the summer by Henry Holt, there will be Ellsworth Huntington's The Pulse of Progress—with a special section on the environmental aspects of Jewish history (Scribner) and Cyrus Kehr's A Nation Plan (Oxford University Press), while Harlean James of the American Civic Association will presumably cover a special case of the same subject in her Land Planning in the United States for the City (Macmillan).

Space fails in which to do more than list some significant titles in industry. William Z. Ripley's Main Street and Wall Street (Little Brown & Company) has already set Wall Street by the ears. Otto Beyer on Cooperative Railroading (Doran) and Walton Hamilton and Helen R. Wright on The Control of Bituminous Coal (Macmillan) should throw light on fields often surveyed. And if the articles on industrial behaviorism which Robert Bruère is wrestling with for the winter Survey Graphics don't make a book of exceptional freshness and penetration, the Alcove will shut up shop.

In foreign affairs Noel Baker's Disarmament (Harcourt Brace) is already stirring up wide interest; and another of those authoritative studies in post-war finance is to come from Harold G. Moulton, this time in collaboration with Leo Pasvolsky on World War Debt Settlements (Macmillan).

BUT the shelves still bulge, and somewhere on the floor, waiting their turn at sorting out, lie some of the most intriguing of all the Alcove's books-in-expectation—the kind that stir up the subsoil of social thinking. The World of William Clissold (Doran), in which Wells attempts a new and bolder synthesis of his universe, will, we fear, never reach the Alcove, with so many other grasping editors about. But we do hope for a peep at the University of Chicago's ambitious round-up of contemporary knowledge—the Nature of the World and of Man (University of Chicago Press); at Malinowski's Crime and Custom in Savage Society and Sex and Repression in Savage Society (Harcourt Brace); at Levy-Bruhl's How Natives Think (Knopf); at the new handbooks on The Atom and The Green Leaf in Doran's Humanizing of Knowledge series, if they are as delightful as Harlow Shapley's Starlight; at Goldenweiser's Anthropology and the Social Sciences (Knopf) and J. A. Hobson's Free Thought in the Social Sciences (Unwin)—how they need it—and at that joint credo which, if rumors be correct, the prolific Slossons *père et fils* are producing. If a body *wants* to think, we submit, the prognosis for the fall and winter is favorable.

GEDDES SMITH.

THE REVOLUTION ON QUALITY STREET
(*Continued from page* 124)

than a revolution. We were breeding up a generation of writers who were fed up on sentiment and pseudo-culture. They were vividly interested in ideas—esthetic ideas as well as social. They were really all divinely discontented poets, and were critical of an America which seemed so little poetical and to use the fruits of its giant prosperity for so little beauty. They wanted to build a native culture, but they did not accept American history or our present ideals at face value. That of course brought them into conflict with the Jingoes of 1917, and the venture was knocked into a cocked hat. But not before it had published penetrating bits by an imposing list: John Dewey, Van Loon, Bertrand Russell, John Reed, Amy Lowell, Eugene O'Neill and D. H. Lawrence and Sherwood Anderson wrote for the paper—and that proves its quality. Nobody perhaps was influenced much by The Seven Arts though doubtless The New Century stemned a bit from this venture, but it proved

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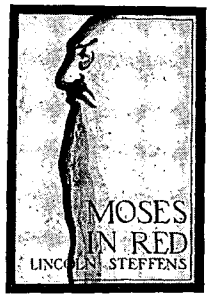

MOSES IN RED

The Revolt of Israel as a
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by
Lincoln Steffens

Rabbi Wise says:

Moses in Red is more than a title. It is an attempt at vindication. The question which persists, despite the book, is, Are revolutions of necessity red? It is rather a far cry from the red of Lenin to the pink of Moses, and the invasion of the land of promise. The book might almost be called a bit of Mosaic muck-raking. And yet Lincoln Steffens has uttered his deep conviction about revolution with sad sincerity and it is passing strange to find that in the end himself from God he cannot free.

Upton Sinclair says:

The greatest political thinker American has produced in our time has written a little book called "Moses in Red". No Christian can understand the ways of God in our time until he has read it.

Bishop William Montgomery Brown:

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a new ferment was at work. This ferment we must note also produced The Masses, and later The Dial—the latter the most complete representative of the Continental attitude in America. The Masses was ferociously interested in ideas and critical to the nth degree, but its limitation to doctrinaire socialistic propaganda prevented its influencing many people. But all these experiments trained readers for the new review.

THE next big event was the turn-over of The Century which had been floundering along with a succession of editors each of whom wanted to do something different, and none knew exactly what that was. It had been wobbling for some years, and was no longer in the old tradition nor had it found a new. Then shortly after the War, they centered on Glenn Frank as the Moses needed. They put on a new cover that pretended to the dignity and permanence of a book and so anticipated the present interest in striking covers. They raised the price to fifty cents, a revenue and prestige device. They cut out all pictures save the black-and-white kind. These were the mode, and better still, relatively cheap. Now even the black-and-white cuts have gone, and so ended the tradition of the magazine most famous for illustration. The Century really sought to meet the new economics, the new audience, and the new taste for ideas, but somehow failed to hit. It had pretty badly disintegrated when Frank took hold. Yet it deserves more credit than it sometimes gets for it helped blaze the trail for the Mercury, the new Harper's and The Forum. Others learned from its experiments—perhaps what people did *not* want.

Its story is partly of the differences between exceedingly realistic business managers who wanted to improve the unsatisfactory situation of the magazine, and the editors, Glenn Frank and Carl Van Doren, who had the new idea but could not secure enthusiastic backing. The result was hybrid—something between a commodity and an evangel. Striving to be modern the pages savored somehow of Greenwich Village. Too many youths were trying stunts, and their antics must have kept the surviving centurions awake at nights. The Century undertook the new themes, but did not give the impression of authority and a well-founded psychology or sociology. Nor did its personalia satisfy. It was disputatious, not restful as was The Atlantic which has mastered the art of being modern without being disturbing. It just missed the note The Mercury makes its own. But to arouse that clangor you have to go the whole hog, dare to be a Mencken and dare to stand alone. You mustn't have your trampling feet hampered with any trailing traditions from the past of America, either in letters or doctrine. The Century broke too wide from its past, yet did not give what the new generation wanted; it was not even good red herring, and so compromising between the old and the new revelations found there were not enough in that precise predicament to make a living out of. As S. S. McClure writes wisely in his Autobiography: "An editor can print a thing too early as well as too late. He will fail because his audience is not ready."

To Glenn Frank, now moved on to be president of The University of Wisconsin and some say with an even larger presidential bee in his bonnet, must go credit for trying the new things, and for The Century's outspoken emphasis on religion. Frank has an extraordinarily acute and intelligent mind, is a wide reader and full of abstract ideas. His keynote is preaching. He recognized this humorously when I asked his opinion of the quality magazines:

Some pert paragrapher speaking of my election here said that as a magazine editor I had been telling university presidents how to run universities and presumably as a university president I would tell magazine editors how to run their magazines. I don't want to fall into this trap this early in the game.

Frank was once a "boy evangelist" who preached widely in the West; and later a student at Northwestern University and secretary to the president. He learned the politics of the churches. He is still a lay preacher, runs a rival column to Dr Frank Crane's and one of the most popular lecturers in the land. He certainly carried the Century's flag over the country, and he knew what certain strata of the American people were thinking and wanted to read. He must have gotten ideas enough to run a dozen magazines. Perhaps in fact he tried too heavy a transfusion of modern popular philosophy into the

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Century's somewhat hardened arteries. What apparently he did not realize was that an editor has to brood over a magazine to make it hatch; he was too busy making contacts (in our slang) to pan endless manuscripts and for the one glint of gold. Someone said with more smartness than charity: "He tried to edit by absent treatment." Now some of our quality editors have been very clubby and cosmopolitan, but they never edited between jumps on the Chautauqua circuit. But even discounting his extra-mural activities, he was an innovator and made The Century in format, in breadth of interests and in provocative articles, a Precursor of the revolution. And the revolutions that fail are after all parts of *the* revolution, and deserve memorials. We pray we may not find The Century fallen outside the wall.

At present it is seeking to build on its great tradition, and a new editor. The Century always has a new editor; since the remembered days of Richard Watson Gilder, what a succession! The choice of Hewitt H. Howland, a Hoosier, and for twenty-five years an editor for Bobbs-Merrill, the Indianapolis publishers, shows the present design to build on a national basis and to gain fresh strength from the soil. Carl Van Doren continues his book review department and John Erskine provides a monthly contribution, The Centurion. Mr. Howland will, I suspect, edit for neither the Back Bay nor Greenwich Village. Part of the revolution is this nationalization of the magazine, the need for which George Ade hit off aptly at a dinner for Mr. Howland in Indianapolis:

> For a good many years the publishers of the Atlantic seaboard could not get a fair view of this part of the country because the immediate foreground was congested with Harvard graduates . . . . Every Hoosier discovers sooner or later that he cannot acquire the sound of "a" as in codfish, so he gives up the attempt and buckles down to his job and becomes a personage in the world of letters. . . . We do not wish to influence Mr. Howland but we do hope that he will make a list of all authors and near-authors and houseparty celebrities who have looked at Indianapolis through the telescope and compel them to wait in the outer office while he is in conference with the 100,000 writers of the Middle West who are waiting for the new editor to get settled at his desk before they start East to cooperate with him.

What Mr. Ade means is that in these days you can't edit a magazine for a parish—even the parish of Indiana. If for no other reason, the advertisers won't let you.

The conclusion of Professor Whipple's log of his trip through Quality Street, including calls on Messrs. Mencken, Wells, Leach and Bridges—or, if you prefer, The American Mercury, Harper's, Forum and Scribner's—will appear in an early issue.

THE MOVIE "EXTRA"

(*Continued from page* 146)

laws of California, has the force of law. Following are the most important points covered by this order:

1. The establishment of a basic 8-hour day. Work performed after 8 hours must be paid for at the rate of an additional quarter of the daily wage paid, beginning at the end of the eighth hour and increasing one quarter at the end of each two hours. Thus, a woman working nine hours at the rate of $5 a day receives a check and a quarter, or $6.25; a woman working ten hours and fifteen minutes, at the rate of $5 a day, received a check and a half, or $7.50. Prior to this regulation, there was no universal recognition of a basis day of a given number of hours. Payment for overtime, that is, for exceptionally long hours, was optional with the producers; some made certain provisions for it—others made none.

2. Payment for *all* time consumed at the direction of the studio, including putting on studio costumes at the studio, checking in and out wardrobe and property, rehearsing, and waiting at the studio or on location in weather permitting calls. The time so spent was not regarded as part of the employment, prior to the regulation.

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3. Extras must be paid in cash or negotiable checks at the completion of each day's work. It was formerly fairly customary to have the extras return to the commercial casting office which had employed them to receive payment, and even in case the studio employed them directly, several studios paid only during certain hours of the day, and others, only on certain days of the week. This system worked a real hardship on workers whose spasmodic employment made immediate payment of wages essential.

4. Extras who are given "weather permitting" calls, i.e., calls which may be cancelled on account of weather conditions, must be given their carfare if dismissed after reporting for work. If they are required to wait, on the chance of the weather becoming favorable, they must be paid for the waiting time.

5. Adequate dressing room and toilet facilities must be provided for women and children, whether work is performed at the studio or on location.

It is a significant fact that these regulations, which apply, legally, only to women and children, were voluntarily adopted by the industry in the employment of men.

THE service of the Central Casting bureau should be threefold—service to the studios; a point of contact for extras; and a laboratory in which facts concerning the industry may be studied.

The first step toward the gathering of facts has been taken in the establishment of a record card for each regularly employed extra worker. This records each engagement, the name of the studio giving employment, the rate paid and the amount paid for overtime. The record also includes the extra's real name (formerly a professional name was frequently the only means of identification), the maiden name (of women) and name and address of parents or nearest relatives. So many extras come to Hollywood from a distance that this information is of service in identifying men and women whose family or friends may try to reach them in case of emergency. The previous occupation is also recorded.

Upon this same card is recorded any report of the extra's service—so that the relation between satisfactory or unsatisfactory work, and the number of calls, can be shown.

To adjust the number of applicants to the number of opportunities for work—to solve the problem of work that is casual but not seasonal—these, and other problems are well worth consideration, and the motion picture industry believes that it has at least established an organization through which they can receive that consideration.

BOOZE PATTER

(*Continued from page* 131)

Now, whole families slack disgracefully in this respect, selfishly contributing nothing to the liquor revenue. The whole burden in consequence falls on other families—often the quite poor. Narrowing it down still closer, it is in comparatively few families that the mother and children gather round the inebriating bowl—so father staggers along alone with his contributions to the public treasury.

Now, I should like to grant these faithful upholders of the revenue—or rather the families—some special consideration. It might very suitably take the form of a mausoleum in the downtown quarter, where father might unostentatiously check in after accumulating a heavy load. To save confusion, it might be well for father himself to carry a little tag, stating whether or not it is the wish of the family that the remains be delivered at his residence or the mausoleum. Especially during Christmas and New Year festivities would such a place be found to be a godsend. It is a lamentable fact that women, children and men never see eye to eye on the subtle humor of getting drunk at Christmas. Usually the merrier the man, the soberer his wife and family. This doesn't balance rightly. But under my system, father need not be visible at any time during Christmas. Mother could cash in on her pin-money at the bar and the vendors; father would be relieved of any responsibility. And

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altogether, the family could wangle out a much more normal season of rejoicing than if the head of the house were liable to break in any time.

Would these little amendments to our liquor laws be so very unfair? If I could gather no spicy records for my dictaphone, catch no choice pictures with my camera, find no family that wished "the head" to be removed to the mausoleum—then I think I might say that drunkenness was decreasing—that people were honestly temperate, and that moderation was a proved success.

Even if no government should see fit to espouse these suggestions, all is not lost. If the average man could bring himself to talk a little less wildly, if he would only consent to grow up to where he was ten years ago, he would help so much. At that time he did not cringe so visibly from the terms "kill joy," "dead one." He was mature, recognizing his dominant influence, and his responsibility in extending a strong arm to the young and weak. Now, we grope for his steadying influence in this whirligig world—only to find that he has gone a-Maying.

How long will our forty-year olds drum on their chairs, crying "Gimme my beer," and then when it is thrust to them, continue with "Aw, it isn't such very nice beer—but gimme some more. And anyway, I wisht I was in Montreal."

Or do I pine for a race of altruists who never did exist at all?

AFTER DULLNESS—*WHAT?*

(*Continued from page* 154)

he has known. It is intellectually bankrupt. The so-called young intellectual of America has reached the end of his blind alley. He has overthrown Victorianism in literature and fundamentalism in science. What is the next step? He doesn't know.

But there is a younger generation. It is growing up in America, as in Germany, England, France, Soviet Russia, China. It is so intense, virile, courageous and alive, that it does not need to reassure itself that it is not dull. This generation is frankly Communist and revolutionary. It is done with word-mongering and phrase-making. It knows what it wants.

It wants, like the generation of Emerson, but in newer forms, a cooperative workers' world. It wants a world free of mysticism, passivity, and metaphysics. It wants a dynamic and constructive world. It wants a world of supermen, who live at the vortex of life, and have none of the sickly Dostoevskian tremors of the last crop of intellectuals.

It says that Socialism, Communism, is possible in our time. It says artists and writers can accomplish nothing in the way of bringing in a new culture without an alliance with the world movement of the revolutionary working-class.

It says that Freud, Taylor, Watson, all the specialists—Messiahs of the intellectuals, are not Messiahs, but fellow-laborers in the preparation of the new and freer world, a world that only the workers can establish with deeds, not words. It says that the Machine Age is nothing to be scared about—but is the world we live in, and must be conquered, through socialization, and not through intellectual secession and hermit-ism.

It says many other things, one could go on at great length. It says it in books, pamphlets and magazines, a vast international bibliography which no respectable and timid American intellectual will read. It says it.

There will be, within the next twenty years in America, a great American Labor Party. There will be hundreds of workers' theaters, with a new style of play. There will be factory poets and artists. There will be novelists who know history. There will be critics who know economics. There will be panics, riots, strikes, destruction—and great mass movements. The Negroes will be organized. The youth will march with banners. There will be battle—a giant national struggle such as now is shaping in France and England.

But the "young intellectuals" will be totally unprepared—they will be down in the cellars piously reading Mencken and revolting against dullness. (*Continued on page* 182)

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Escape

By SIDNEY HOWARD

I BELONG to a generation which is said to be revolting against dullness. I think that my generation is as dull an outfit as ever I knew. I think it got self-important over its participation in this damned war and has dedicated itself to a collection of methods ever since. Methods all the way from the new stagecraft to the citizens' training camps. H. L. Mencken is revolting against dullness and what a dull thing his revolt is! What a noise and dither! We're all revolting, aren't we, against what God (as opposed to Washington, Hamilton and Lincoln) meant this American civilization to become? I'm revolting against the fact that I cannot possibly enjoy being an American and rather wish that I had been born something else, preferably not Latin or Japanese.

I'm not sure that we don't awfully need a real issue. Intellectual freedom isn't enough. That's proven by the fact that we don't really do anything but talk about intellectual freedom.

Certain parts of this country seem less dull than others. Or the civilization of certain parts seems less dull than that of others. I think I'm in favor of using the issue of intellectual freedom as an excuse for a secession movement. I have drawn up the boundaries of the territory to be saved from Americanism and I shall be delighted to conspire with any interested parties. I don't really think that there is any point in revolting against dullness unless we can get away from it and do something about being not dull and I don't see any way to accomplish that other than getting out. That process wouldn't be dull, would it now?

I may add that I don't mind the older generation in spite of the fact that they seem somewhat lacking in dignity. I don't mind the state of marriage or the movies. But I do awfully mind Americanism, any percentage of it, however small. . . . Perhaps we should all go back to England and admit our forefathers' mistakes.

Regionalism

By LEWIS MUMFORD

IF the revolt against dullness is not to become a new kind of dullness it must lead out of the uniformity it justly despises; it must pattern happier alternatives, closer to human life and human desires. In the light of Mr. Van Doren's able criticism, what are these possible and desirable alternatives?

The alternative to political uniformity is not the empty formula of States Rights but Regionalism. Regionalism means a recognition of the diversity of soils, climates, industries, historical connections and social traditions in various parts of the country. It means the abandonment of the pioneer habits of nomadry and exploitation; it means an encouragement of the processes of settlement and culture. It means the habit of depending upon local initiatives instead of relying upon the beauty or wisdom of the Central Government. Regionalism is a method of enforcing the political principle of States Rights by building regions and regional cities, capable of working, living, thinking, acting for themselves.

The alternative to urban uniformity is civism. Civism is the recognition that each city is a living entity, with qualities of its own; that, like all organic bodies, it has a norm of growth, beyond which it can go only by forfeiting or weakening its valuable qualities. Civism goes in for the Regional City, the city related to its environment; it is opposed to the Imperial or Mass City, which keeps on indefinitely growing and expanding. Civism would found new cities, to promote life, industry, and culture, instead of letting old ones agglomerate in order merely to increase the size of their ground rents or the speculative value of land. Architecturally, civism means the development of appropriate regional types of architecture, such as Irving Gill has done in California, Frank Lloyd Wright in the Middle West, and E. B. Gilchrist in Pennsylvania.

The alternative to Robotism is Humanism. Humanism treats the worker as more important than the machine: it remembers Le Play's great dictum: the most important product that comes out of the mine is the miner! In the location of industry, humanism regards the civic environment of the factory as one of the main factors of efficiency; in the internal regulation of industry, it recognizes the corporate responsibilities of the

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worker and abandons the obsolete property-concept of individualism; in the partition of the product, humanism recognizes the claim of the worker to subsistence and culture as a first claim upon industry, prior to those of profit and dividends. Humanism recognizes the necessity for breaking up mechanical routine; where work must be highly specialized it attempts to alternate factory labor with agricultural labor and handicraft; where possible, humanism leads to decentralization in regions favorable for living. Humanism favors cooperative methods of production and consumption; it is ready, on occasion, to sacrifice an external mechanical efficiency to a decent standard of living and well-being; it holds, with Ruskin, *That there is no wealth but life.*

The alternative to hundred per centism is culturism. Culturism is the recognition of the diversity of social heritages that have from the beginning made up our American stock. Culturism promotes a consciousness of our original American heritage, in order that we may have a nucleus which will absorb and transform, in various degrees, the new traditions, Mediterranean, Central European, Baltic, African that have come into our country. Culturism does not attempt to strip the new American of his foreign memories in order to provide him more quickly with the working-clothes of a common language and a worshipful belief in The Flag: culturism seeks to expand the American tradition itself, so as to outgrow its acerbic Puritanism, its blind utilitarianism, and the sessile political ideas of the eighteenth century. Culturism believes that it will absorb the alien, getting as much as it gives, once our own cultures are as fine and complete as that which the alien brings with him. Culturism sees no necessity for a "National Culture" since what is wide enough to be national in the United States is wide enough to be human, that is, international.

Regional, civism, humanism, and culturism are intimately tied up one with another. They are all opposed to the dull uniformities of centralism, megalopolitanism, Robotism, and the forms of organized pugnacity that now parade as Patriotism or Religion. These new doctrines are not a rehash of old beliefs and lost causes; they are a fresh body of ideas which have been brought into existence by the circumstances in which we now find ourselves. For a century we Americans have throttled our best desires and bowed to a fictitious necessity. We now see that this "necessity" was in fact the outcome of perverted and aborted desires. When new ideas, desires, convictions begin to march against our external necessities, we shall see how thin and empty and wasteful all our "busy work" has been.

Survival

By James Rorty

I THINK what Carl Van Doren means by Dullness is Behaviorism. I think what the average sensitive individual is rebelling against in these times is the absorption of his physical, mental and spiritual energies into the meaningless processes of a civilization which praises and serves neither man nor God.

Behaviorism: bred out of Darwin by Dr. John B. Watson, vice president of the J. Walter Thompson Company, perhaps the largest advertising agency in the world. I heard all about it the other day across the luncheon table from one of our younger captains of industry. Behaviorism: the science of human adaptation to the conditions of survival in an inhuman bedlam. Survival of what? The disappearing psyche. The emerging, perfectly adapted, superman or super-robot. Measure the gland-reactions of a young girl exposed to an advertisement of Woodbury's Facial Soap: "The Skin You Love to Touch." It works? Rather! It's Science in Business. It's Service. All right, let's triple the advertising appropriation, enlarge the factory, institute scientific management—make 'em *all* buy Woodbury's Facial Soap. Let's found a great business on the helplessness of the adolescent female moron. It works, therefore it's ethical—it's even religious. The dessidents, the intellectuals, are just badly adapted neurotics. Hasn't Bruce Barton blessed the colors? "Jesus Christ, the original high-powered Babbitt, the greatest salesman God ever made." Whatever is, is right, and you'd better curl yourself around it. If you don't, the Survival of the Fittest will take care of *you.* But will it? On second thought, maybe we'd better deport all the Russion Jews. They're all bolsheviks, and they breed like

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State of New York, ss.
County of New York,

Before me, a Commissioner of Deeds, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared John D. Kenderdine, who, having been duly sworn, according to law, deposes and says that he is the business manager of the SURVEY GRAPHIC, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication, for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse side of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, Survey Associates, Inc., 112 East 19 Street, New York City; Editor, Paul U. Kellogg, 112 East 19 Street, New York City; Managing Editor, Arthur Kellogg, 112 East 19 Street, New York City; Business Manager, John D. Kenderdine, 112 East 19 Street, New York City.

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My Commission expires May 25, 1928.

rabbits. Democracy, hell! Mussolini—ah, there's a man!

Of course all this is very unscientific and perhaps it isn't even Behaviorism. Also it is an evasion of the assignment, which was not to document Carl Van Doren's definition of what we're rebelling against but to suggest a way out—"some valid social or even individual objective."

Surely such a question is academic. Society being a sausage grinder with "selling" and "being sold" as the upper and nether stones of the mill, my immediate objective is to keep from being ground to pieces by it. My secondary objective, if I have any breath left for altruism, is the attainment of a cooperative commonwealth, functional society, what you will—a society organized with a reasonable degree of efficiency for the accomplishment of sane human purposes.

Is there any real debate about this objective? I doubt it. The real controversy has to do less with ends than with means; it centers about questions of strategy and technique: What are the potentialities and the limitations of the labor movement? Will the "engineers of industry" continue indefinitely to serve the predatory financiers who now hog-tie them?

On these questions I do not feel qualified to express an opinion. It seems to me, however, that people who find the present state of society "dull" are much less likely to do anything to change it than are the people who find it backbreaking. There is more social dynamite in one Passaic tenement than in the whole of our super-rationalized liberalism.

Personality

By MARY ROSS

WHEN I still stood behind academic palings I remember that the great world after college used to look from a distance like a field of gallant crusaders, proudly flying such banners as "woman suffrage," "single tax," "prison reform," "good government" and the like. Though muck-raking was no longer a major sport, a good deal of enthusiastic digging still was going on. The whole emphasis was on leadership in these social forays against social dragons, training for leadership, developing leadership, recognizing leadership. But after the commencement gates closed behind us, those well-organized definite little bands seemed to become less distinct; they no longer stood out as white advancing on black, but merged into a generally gray population. This may have been only the familiar failure to see the wood for the trees, but I think that that is not a total explanation. I believe that in these past fifteen years there has been a definite and a cumulative shift in the interests and the desires of ordinary young people.

The general philanthropic movement which started seventy-five or more years ago with terrified peeps into jails and poor-houses, and sporadic sallies against the subjection of women, broadened to cover the tenements and the sweat-shops, to build soup kitchens and milk stations, to open neighborhood houses and classes in Americanization, always *doing* something, fighting for something. As long as one could keep one's eye on a social objective, accepting it in place of the bright and just immortality which beckoned our forefathers on, progress, though often discouraging, looked comparatively simple. Faith, patience, and persistence were the armament of the good soldier.

But into the prospect of a march on Utopia, someone cast the disquieting suspicion that even the well-fed, the well-housed, the well-loved, are not always happy. And the genuine altruist must feel that the result of his labors will be happiness. Perhaps, from a popular point of view, it was the novelists who found out that childhood could be unhappy even when all outwardly seemed auspicious, and traced the scars of early unhappiness to the disfigurements of later life. Then, to elucidate their observations, and some of the inexplicable discoveries of even the faithful, came the addition of a whole new field—that of the unconscious—to our psychological understanding of people's minds and bodies.

The real revolution in modern ideology, as I see it, is the dawning recognition of the gnawing vitality of emotional forces which will not yield to any intellectualized pattern of life to a new recognition of the importance and power of the emotions. Such problems cannot be met by mass solutions; they cannot be solved by one person for another. And with a realization of this has come the suspicion, or the conviction, that much that has gone by the name of idealism and self-abnegation,

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serviceable as it has been, has been the attempt of people to get rid of their private difficulties by pouring them into a public service. Once that is realized, the glamor of public service, as a certain good, is lost. It becomes not a religious goal, sacrosanct in itself, but merely a matter of tactics.

As I look about at my coevals, it seems to me that those with the greatest measure of vitality and the greatest capacity for adjustment—the fundamental attributes of living—are too absorbed in the difficult task of working out an individual and honest solution of their own lives to fall in behind the mass movements. For them honest living means to see what they need in income—intellectual, spiritual, and material, if those distinctions can be maintained—and then to balance against it what they can get and to reconcile the two columns. Such an attempt makes it impossible to plot out a life in advance, as the commencement orators advise, and to say that one will do this or that with it. It throws the emphasis from objective accomplishment to personality.

What is the so-called intellectual to do in a generation which is learning from bitter experience and psychological re-interpretations to distrust intellectualizations? He is cast, it seems to me, from the pursuit of the old praiseworthy socialized patterns to a series of personal dilemmas from which he must evolve his own harmony if he is to continue as a sensitive and honest person. He must *be* before he can *do*—or, more accurately, his doing must be *his* being. Where there used to be two broad highways, one going up to good. one down to evil, there are now many winding tracks with no such clear and common ends.

Ferment

By JOHANN J. SMERTENKO

IT is amazing to find how many otherwise discerning observers of American thought and manners can grow lyrically enthusiastic about the particular spasm of non-conformity which characterizes our generation, as if for the first time in our history a group of free and uneasy spirits sought to escape the cramped, conventional and commonplace existence of a contented citizenry.

As a matter of fact, this sort of revolt by an articulate but small and impotent minority is almost a tradition and the contemporary variation of these recurrent outbreaks against the character of American life differs from its predecessors only in the manner that the general temper and tempo of our own day are different from those of past times; Emerson, Lowell and Mr. Mencken rail against the same evils, although one does it in the emotional eloquence of a Finney, the other in the polished prose of a Beecher, the third in the virile vernacular of a Billy Sunday. Those in the proximity of the din and the disciples of contemporary revolt imagine they have detected a turbulent current gushing into the stream of American progress to give it impetus and direction, but the country as a whole ignores—if it even notices—what is truly a little geyser spouting in its interval only to seep back to its source through immobile and indifferent sands.

The truth of this would be evident in any empirical test of the present situation. If we count heads, or look for results, or even seek definite objectives, we must soon recognize that the dissenters are simply crying with Paine against the shackles of dogma, or with Emerson that "the book, the college, the institution of any kind pin me down," or with Lowell that culture is under the ban in the application of the American system. We must realize, too, that the rebels find liberation in this criticism, pleasure in this agitation and are content to let all this ferment be its own reward. They are barren of new ideas and their movement is sterile of new ideals or methods of life. Nor are the creative spirits among them more productive or significant. Before our frontier extended to the Pacific, the non-conformist who was more active than articulate packed up his duds and sought a freer life in the West; today the active revolutionary packs his dinner jacket and seeks freedom across the Atlantic. The former spent his rebellious energy solving the problem of existence; the latter dissipates his in piercing the mysteries of fake aesthetic innovations. The influence of either on the spiritual development of America is infinitesimal.

Lest these statements be construed as discordant with the spirit of revolt, I hasten to explain that they mean no such

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thing. I am thoroughly in sympathy with the pastime of baiting the bourgeois and plaguing the Philistine by confronting them with the dullness, ugliness and emptiness of their lives; but I cannot attribute to this pleasant game the importance it has in the eyes of the players and the sentimental spectators. It is my belief that, like the cat in Krilov's fable, the Philistine goes right on eating chicken, while the complaining cook sermonizes on the enormity of his crime, and will only stop when someone throws a stove lid at his head. And I hold that in our system of society the stove lids are catapulted out of the guts of institutions.

Now it is worthy of notice that the American rebels have little patience with or interest in the study of their environment. They have vague resentments against our economic, religious and political institutions and even hazier sympathies with contemporary programs of reform. But definite objections and concrete desires, born of the knowledge of what we have and what we need, they have not. They are quite as ignorant as the satisfied majority which they condemn of the unnatural and barbaric foundations on which our society rests and of the humanistic and hedonistic philosophy essential to a sane, full life. Not in the rebels, then, but in those who are able to recognize what elements of the new age can be utilized in molding our institutions, lies the hope of the future.

Variation

By GEDDES SMITH

THE obvious alternative to uniformity is variation. I suspect that the failure of our generation thus far to hammer out for itself a philosophy that will integrate our behavior and so help to release the tensions under which we act is due in large measure to the fact that we have thought of variation simply as an alternative, a reaction, and not as a profoundly valid end in itself. Perhaps not a final end, but certainly an immediate objective in its own right.

The loneliest thing in the modern world, if I read aright what little science I am able to assimilate, is an absolute. Even Euclid and the elements are no longer stable. Fixed points are scarcer than roc's eggs in a universe which is filled with subtle and bewildering motion and with an intricate play of interrelationships.

Analogy is never reliable, and it becomes impertinent in 500 words, but I believe our major spiritual task today is to grasp and come to terms with this idea of flux as it appears in the sphere of normal and esthetic values.

Add to this the fact that Freud and Jung and their assorted associates have shown us that we operate on levels unrecognized by our dogmatic forebears—that we do well to mistrust the conscious intellect and the avaricious ego, and that our philosophy must be flexible enough to relate itself not only to introspective but to unconscious altitudes—and you have a job cut out for many generations in shaping a valid way of life.

I fancy that even in our day we shall come to realize that many of our social formulas are based fundamentally on a delusion about the fixed point in ourselves—the conviction that whatever else in humanity may be harsh and selfish, our own motives are essentially pure and altruistic. I fancy we shall come in time to make an end of doing things "for" our neighbors, or "to" them, and shall realize mutuality in relationship to an extent now undreamed of. I fancy that when we have seen more deeply into the motive forces that bathe and nourish our "convictions" we shall be enormously more experimental for ourselves and more tolerant of experiment in others.

I do not believe this will result in moral or intellectual anarchy. Indeed there is every reason to look for a degree of maturity, gained through self-knowledge and painful struggle, that will make "moral autonomy" more than a phrase, and make a democratic civilization more than a patriot's fantasy.

That will not be tomorrow, nor the day after. In the meantime we must make our peace with the old machinery of "justice," social work, schooling, institutionalism—but we shall use the tools without any delusions as to their eventual efficacy in a world too complicated for short cuts. And we shall, if we are able, keep a lively faith in variation, not only because we realize that we have no right to suppress or discourage variation in others, but because we live in a world where change is the fundamental verity.

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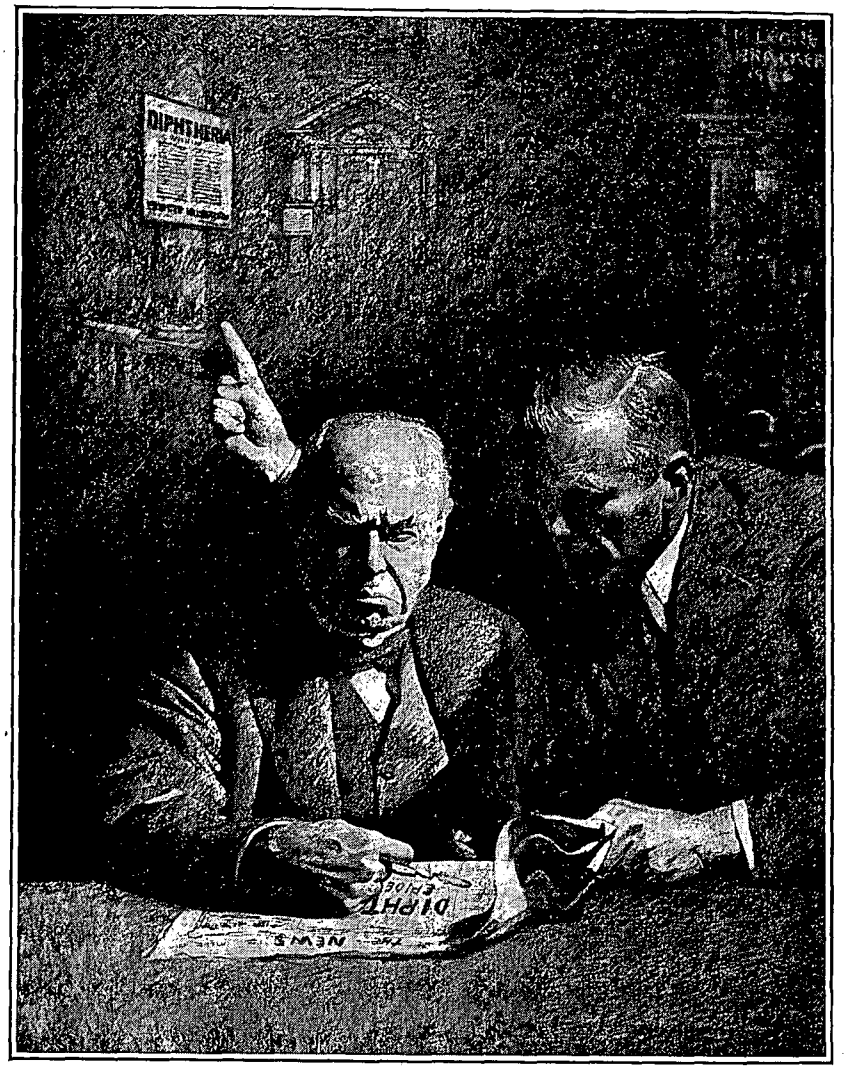
No Diphtheria by 1930!



NEW YORK aims to stamp out diphtheria by 1930. Several other states and many cities are working toward the same goal. Startling and wonderful news came to millions of people a few years ago. Widespread announcements proclaimed toxin-antitoxin—the sure preventive of diphtheria. Active campaigns to fight this age-old scourge of childhood were started. In those communities where toxin-antitoxin was widely used there began an immediate drop in the death-rate from diphtheria.

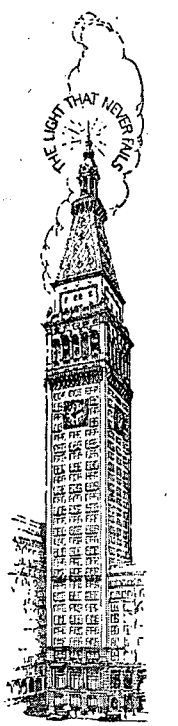
But, sad to report, in the majority of communities nothing has been done to prevent diphtheria and the deathrate remained stationary or went up.

Remember what happened in Nome the winter before last? An epidemic of diphtheria swept the little town. Every child was threatened. Mothers were frantic. Then came Balto—that strong-hearted leader of a wonderful dog-team—with the only thing that could check the raging epidemic—antitoxin. Nome would never have needed to send desperate calls for antitoxin treatment if the preventive—toxin-antitoxin—had previously been used.

The same tragedy, without the dramatic setting, is happening in homes all over the country. Needlessly. Do not risk the lives of your children. Take them to your family physician and ask him to inoculate them against diphtheria.

Dangerous at all ages, diphtheria is especially so to children under six years of age. Therefore it is vitally important that babies should be protected with toxin-antitoxin. Most babies are naturally immune during the first few months. But this immunity soon disappears.

If everybody were inoculated, diphtheria would rapidly disappear from the earth.



"I Told You So"

"MONTHS and months ago I presented well-established medical facts about toxin-antitoxin results and begged to have the children of our city immunized against diphtheria. In the towns around us toxin-antitoxin was used and the diphtheria death-rate is practically zero. But here nothing was done and diphtheria is again rampant. Now I appeal again."

Despite the fact that there need be no diphtheria, it is still one of the greatest enemies of childhood—causing more than 11,000 deaths a year in the United States—more than 200,000 cases of suffering.

Diphtheria takes more lives than measles and scarlet fever *combined!* When it does not kill—it frequently leaves its victims with weakened hearts and other serious after-effects.

Write to us for detailed reports showing how some cities organized their successful campaigns for "No More Diphtheria". In one city of nearly 40,000, not a single death from this disease was reported in 1925. In another city of more than 130,000, only one death was reported in the past two years.

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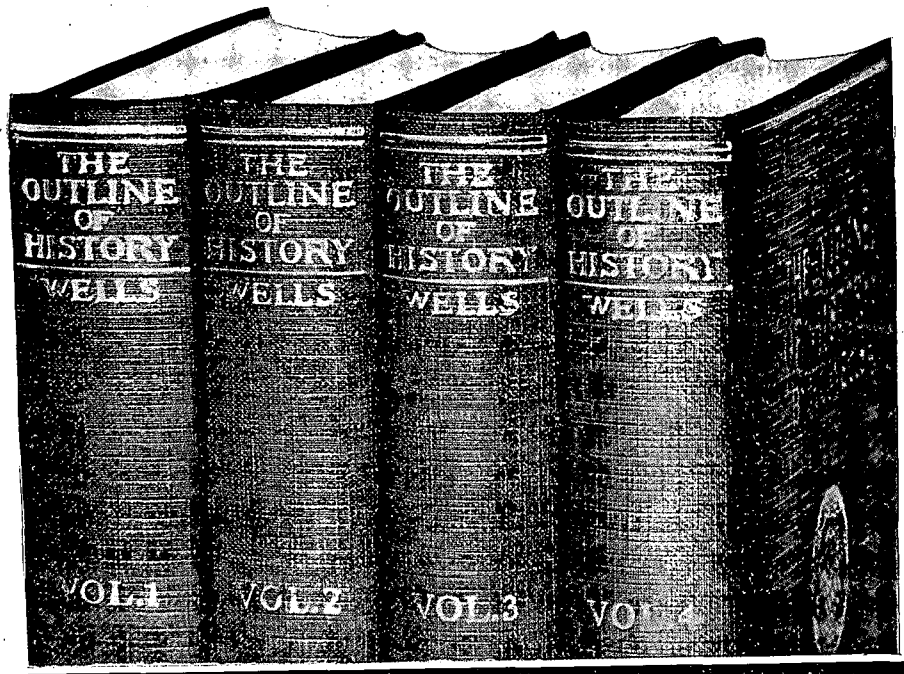

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So commonly used is the telephone that it has come to be taken for granted. Like the air they breathe, people do not think of it except when in rare instances they feel the lack of it.

Imagine the seventeen million American telephones dumb, and the wires dead. Many of the every-day activities would be paralyzed. Mails, telegraphs and every means of communication and transportation would be overburdened. The streets and elevators would be crowded with messengers. Newspaper men, doctors, policemen, firemen and business men would find themselves facing conditions more difficult than those fifty years ago, before the telephone had been invented.

To prevent such a catastrophe is the daily work of three hundred thousand telephone men and women. To maintain an uninterrupted and dependable telephone service is the purpose of the Bell System and to that purpose all its energy and resources are devoted.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

BELL SYSTEM

IN ITS SEMI-CENTENNIAL YEAR THE BELL SYSTEM LOOKS FORWARD TO CONTINUED PROGRESS IN TELEPHONE COMMUNICATION

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AN essential part of the professional equipment of the leader in social work, is an interpretive understanding of the ideals and methods of modern philanthropy based on an intelligent appreciation of the evidence advanced in support of social theory and social action. ♣ ♣ ♣ Professional training will reinforce your equipment, and lead to tasks involving greater future responsibility. The Winter Quarter begins January third.

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CHILDREN *with* SPECIAL HANDICAPS
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